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CHICAGO.

FOREWORD.

This little book is an earnest effort to increase our treasures of song. The aim of the compilers has been to weave the Gospel into music, so that many of the songs are both praise and appeal. It is modestly claimed by the publishers that the book contains no mere space-filling, penny-catching compositions, but that every song can be used with entire satisfaction by all God's people. This feature will be especially gratifying to those who have grown weary of searching through pages printed to sell for something that can be sung.

While especially designed for evangelistic meetings, the Bible school, prayer meeting and Christian Endeavor services, "CHRISTIAN MELODIES" contains a number of standard church hymns, so that it is a good all-purpose book, and can be used at any meeting where the Gospel is preached and God is praised. May this book bear a noble part in the ministry of song, without which the church is poor indeed.

FRANK G. TYRRELL.

Chicago, Ill., July, 1899.

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Christian Melodies.

No. 1. The Gospel Call.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Col. 3: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wake! and hear the gos - pel trum - pet, With a loud and ear-nest call,
2. Wake! and hear the gos - pel, tell - ing What re-deem - ing grace has done;
3. Wake! and hear the gos - pel man - date Fight a - gainst the host of sin:
4. Wake! and hear the gos - pel prom - ise, Un - to those that faith-ful prove,

Sound-ing forth the joy - ful tid - ings, Full sal - va - tion free to all.
To a feast of love and mer - cy, Je - sus welcomes ev - 'ry one.
Join the ranks that now are march-ing, Pre-cious souls for Christ to win.
"I will give them life e - ter - nal, They shall dwell with me in love."

CHORUS.

Swell the song, proclaim the sto - ry, Let the joy - ful ech - o ring;

Je - sus died the world to ran - som, Je - sus lives, our Priest and King.

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No. 2. Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. I John 8: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the King-dom of Je - sus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love; Pub-lish the bless-ings that flow from his word,
2. Think how he la - bored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his love; Think how he suf-fered that we might be blessed,
3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his love; Je - sus is wait-ing, he'll save them to - day,

Go tell the world of his love; Love that has pur-chased re - demp - tion from sin, Love that makes hap-py the spir - it with - in,
Go tell the world of his love; Saved by his mer - cy, up- held by his care, Tell of the good-ness we con-stant - ly share;
Go tell the world of his love; Love that is near - est when earth - joys are past, Light-ing our path-way by clouds o - ver - cast;

f. FINE.

Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
Filled with his full-ness, no lon -ger forbear, Go tell the world of his love.
Love that will bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of his love.

D.S.–Heirs to the king-dom of Je - sus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

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Go Tell the World of His Love.

CHORUS. D. S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love;.....
of his love;

No. 3. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. Gal. 6:14. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near - er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires I am com-ing near er, Deep - er the

cross, from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Nearer the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Stron-ger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Near - er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Near - er to him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wounded side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near- er.
soon shall wear; I am com-ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

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No. 4.

There is Joy.

Luke 15 : 10.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy,.....
2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy,..... ...
3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy,..... ...

There is joy,

there is joy;..... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
there is joy;..... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
there is joy;..... When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,

there is joy,

CHORUS.

There is joy,..... There is joy. There is joy a - mong the

There is joy,

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring,..... When a

mu - sic ring,

sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend-ing low be - fore the King.

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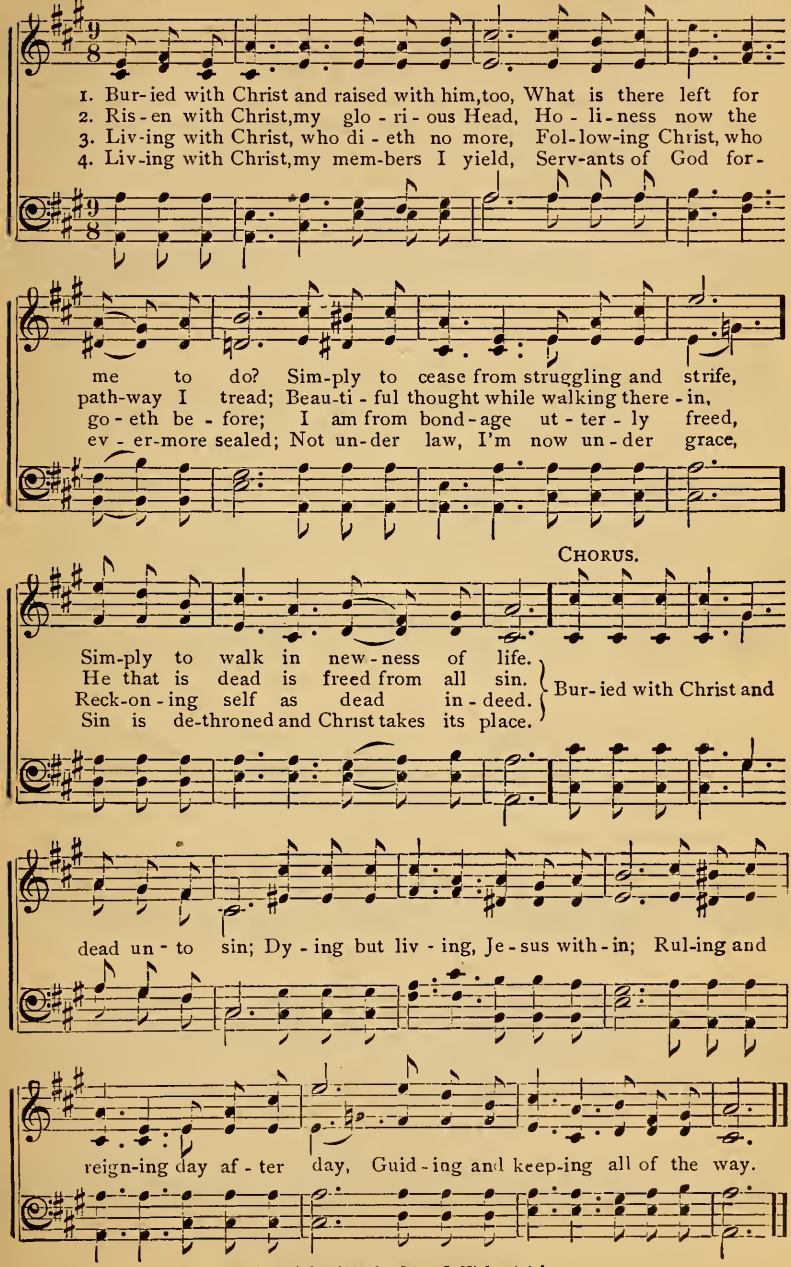
No. 5. Buried With Christ.

Rev. T. Ryder. Romans 6. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 6.

Just as Thou Art.

Acts 3: 18.

RUSSELL S. COOK. T. E. JONES.

1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
2. Thy sins I bore on Calv'ry's tree, Thy stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
3. Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
4. Come, leave thy burden at the cross, Count all thy gains but emp-ty dross;
5. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thy ach-ing heart, thy bursting tears;

Or meet-ness for the heav'n-ly place, O guilt-y sin-ner, come!
That peace and par-don might be free; O wretched sin-ner, come!
I bring re-lief to hearts op-pressed; O wea-ry sin-ner, come!
My grace re-pays all earth-ly loss, O need-y sin-ner, come!
'Tis mer-cy's voice sa-lutes thine ears, O trembling sin-ner, come!

CHORUS.

O come, won't you come, Re-pent and confess while you may;
O come, O come, won't you come, O come, you may;

'Tis mer-cy's voice that sweetly calls; O sin-ner, come to-day.
to-day.

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Music, words of Chorus.

No. 7. Redeemed.

Psalm 107: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIREPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem - er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I de-light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait - ing In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeemed thro' his in - fin-ite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of his pres - ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell.
I sing, for I can not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spir-its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

CHORUS.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

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No. 8. We're Nearing the City.

Heb 11: 10.

Rev. Harry White. I. H. Meredith.

1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;
2. 'Mid tri - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;
4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide

Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil-lows roll,
The cit - y ap-pears on the fair E - den side;
Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,

Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
I see a light gleam - ing a - cross the dark wave,
There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
Turn back to the Sav - ior— for you he has died;

We'll an - chor in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.
And Je - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
Come, an - chor your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.

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We're Nearing the City.

CHORUS.

We're bound.... for that cit - y where com - eth no
We're bound for that cit - y, that beau-ti-ful cit - y where com-eth no night, where

Rit.

night,.... O glo - ri - ious cit - y of end-less de - light.
com-eth no night,

No. 9. He is All in All to Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Col. 3:11. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. There is constant joy a - bid - ing In Christ, my Lord and King; Of his
2. When my path is veiled in shad-ows, And clouds a-bove me roll, I can
3. I can see his bow of prom-ise Thro' tears and tri - als deep; I can
4. I shall yet behold and praise him, And dwell in per-fect peace In the

CHORUS.

love that passeth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.
smile a-mid the tempest, His glo - ry fills my soul.
hear his voice like mu-sic, That lulls my care to sleep.
golden land of beauty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.

He is all in all to
And my song of songs shall

he's
my

me,
be,

Hal-le - lu-jah, O my Sav-ior, I am trusting on-ly thee.

all in all to me,
song of songs shall be,

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No. 10. We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. II Cor. 5: 7. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith,..... he wills it so..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On him we
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with

We walk by faith, And O how sweet

grow..... beneath our feet,.....And fragrance breathe... along the
path..... that we should go;..... And when at times..... our sky is
lean,..... in him we rest;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
him..... our dearest Friend; .... Till safe we tread ..... the fields of

The flow'rs that grow beneath our feet, And fragrance breathe

way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
dim,..... He gen-tly draws..... us close to him.....
care,..... The more his love ..... 'tis ours to share.....
light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight .....

A-long the way That leads the soul to end-less day.

CHORUS. *Express.*

We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand with-in our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

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No. 11. Send Out the Sunlight.

Psalm 43: 3.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sun-light of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it dis - ap - pear—Souls are in wait-ing the mes - sage to hear,
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun - gry for pray'rs still un - heard,
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its lum - i - nous ray, Nour - ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
3. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Blessings will fol - low with none to com - pare, Bless-ings of peace. that will rise from de - spair!

CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love,.. ... the sun-light of love,

Send out the sun-light of love,..... Send out the sun-light, the sun - light of love,

Send out the sun-light, Send out the sun-light of love..... the sun-light of love.

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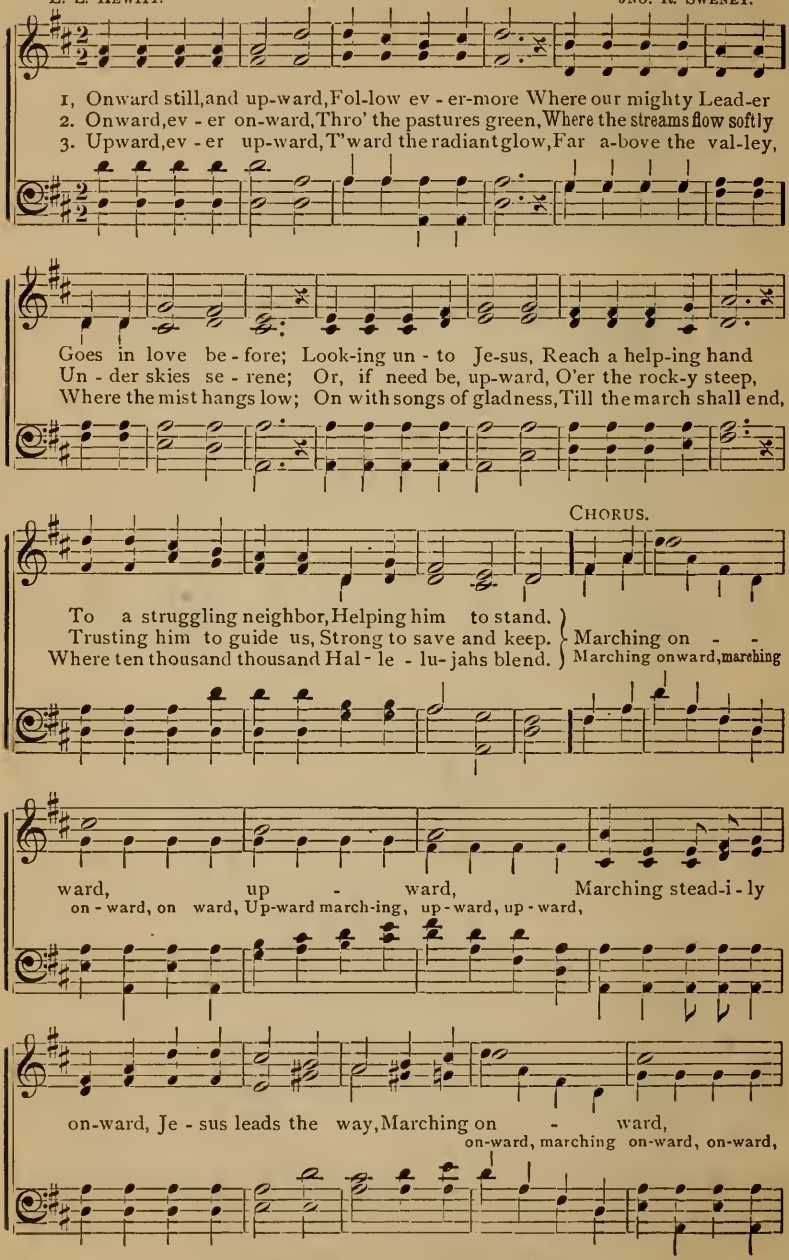
No. 12. Onward and Upward.

Phil. 3: 16.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1, Onward still, and up-ward, Fol-low ev - er-more Where our mighty Lead-er
2. Onward, ev - er on-ward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow softly
3. Upward, ev - er up-ward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a-bove the val-ley,
Goes in love be - fore; Look-ing un - to Je-sus, Reach a help-ing hand
Un - der skies se - rene; Or, if need be, up-ward, O'er the rock-y steep,
Where the mist hangs low; On with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end,
To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand.
Trusting him to guide us, Strong to save and keep.
Where ten thousand thousand Hal - le - lu - jahs blend.
Chorus.
Marching on - -
Marching onward, marching
ward, up - ward, Marching stead-i - ly
on - ward, on ward, Up-ward march-ing, up - ward, up - ward,
on-ward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
on-ward, marching on-ward, on-ward,

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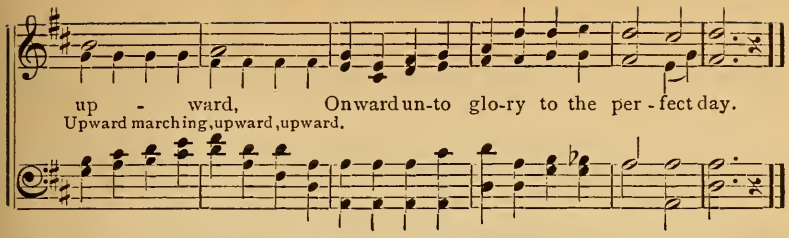
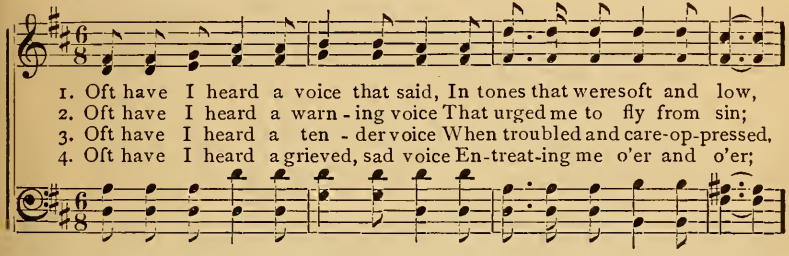
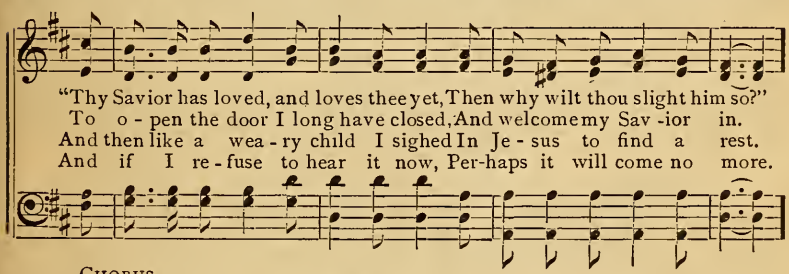
Onward and Upward.



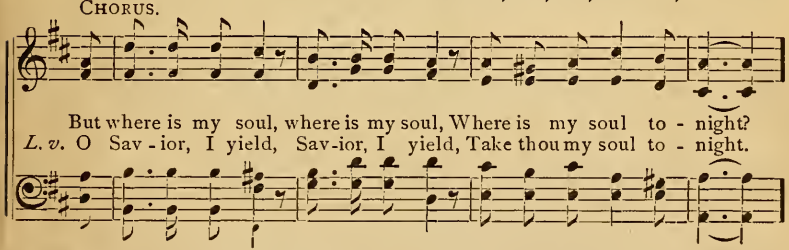
No. 13. Where is my Soul To-night?

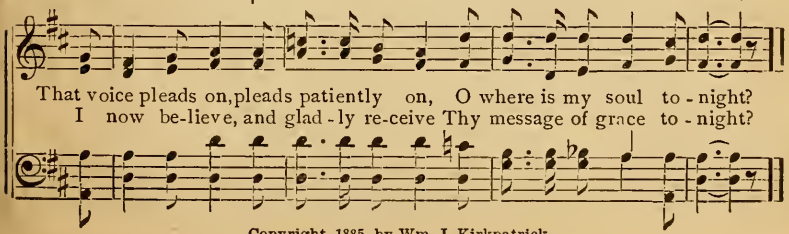
MARTHA J. LANKTON. Mark 8: 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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No. 14.

Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Luke 18: 37. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, weary one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

See in his rec - on - cil - ed face, The sun-shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
Come, where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
The love that list-ens to your pray'r, Will no good thing de - ny.

Chorus.

Pass - ing by ..... pass - ing by, ...
Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

mp *p*

Hast - en to meet him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing,

p *Rit.*

by to - day, Pass - ing by, ... pass - ing by.
Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by.

mp

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No. 15. Wonderful Peace.

W. D. Cornell. Alt. John 14: 27. W. G. Cooper.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won-der - ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der - ful peace, Rest-ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing

mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:—
shad-ows grow dark; O ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.

Chorus.

Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep

o - ver my spir-it for-ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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No. 16. O Light of Light, Shine In.

Proverbs 4:18.

H. Bonar. Alt. T. E. Jones.

1. O Light of light, shine in, shine in, Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in, come in, And end this night of grief and sin;
3. O Life of life, come in, come in, Ex - pel this night of death and sin;

Cre - ate true day my soul with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
Cre - ate true peace my soul with - in, O Joy of joys, come in.
A - wake true life my soul with - in, O Life of life, come in.

Chorus.

Shine in,..... shine in,..... O Light di - vine, shine in;
Shine in, shine in,
Come in,..... come in,..... O Joy of joys, come in;
Come in, come in,
Come in,..... come in,..... O Life of life, come in;
Come in, come in,

Cre-ate true day my soul with-in, O Light of light shine in.....
shine in.
Cre-ate true peace my soul with-in, O Joy of joys, come in.....
come in.
A-wake true life my soul with-in, O Life of life, come in.....
come in.

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No. 17. Just a Little Sunshine.

E. E. Hewitt. Eccles. 11: 7. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O-ver dark-ened path-ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness from a lov - ing heart Help the world to bright-en; let us do our part.

2. Like the bless-ed Mas-ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out - reach - ing, strength-en - ing the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so-la - tion speak.

3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros - es grow, In the bar - ren plac - es, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row, cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im-mor-tal bloom.

D. S.—Tell-ing love's sweet sto - ry, ev - 'ry-where we go.

Chorus.

Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun-shine, Bearing heav'nly glad-ness thro' this world be - low; Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun-shine,

D. S.

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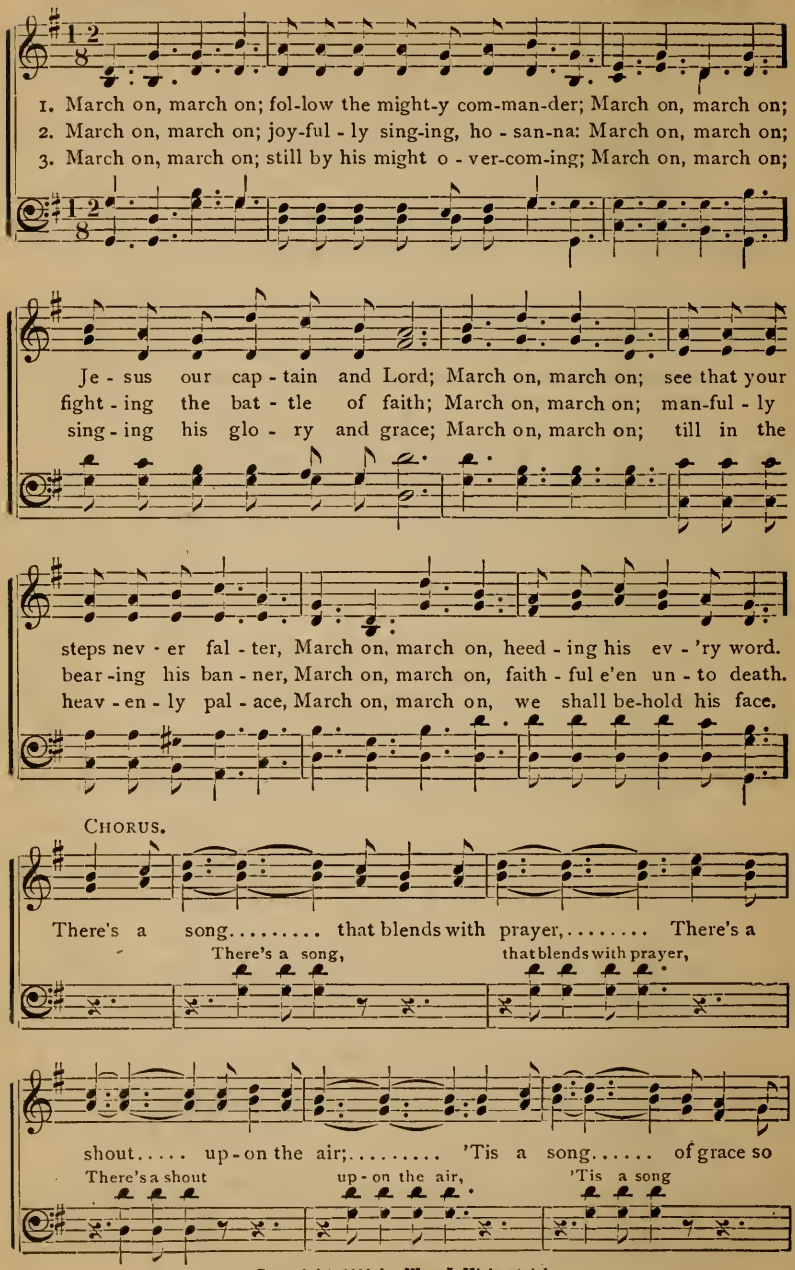
No. 18. A Shout of Victory.

L. H. Edmunds. I Samuel 4: 5-6. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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A Shout of Victory.

free,..... 'Tis a shout..... of vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry.
of grace so free, 'Tis a shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

No. 19. Is Christ Your Guide?

ADA BLENEHORN. Luke 1: 79. T. E. JONES.

1. Launch'd on life's deep and changeful sea, A-cross its trou-bled tide
2. From storm - y wind and might - y wave 'Tis vain to try to hide,
3. From ev - 'ry dan - ger to es - cape God will a way pro - vide,
4. He will not leave, will not for-sake, But al-ways will a - bide

To that fair har - bor that you seek, My friend, is Christ your guide?
Un-less your ref - uge is the Lord. My friend, is Christ your guide?
And bring you safe - ly in - to port. My friend, is Christ your guide?
With those who put their trust in him. My friend, is Christ your guide?

CHORUS.

My friend, is Christ your guide? In him.... do you con-fide?
My friend, In him do you con - fide?

A- cross the trou-bled sea of life, My friend, is Christ your guide?
My friend, is Christ your guide?

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Words and Music.

No. 20. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Eph. 3: 17.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by, Let
3. If there's a temp - est your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let
4. If friends, once trust-ed have prov-en un - true, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Find what a Friend he will be un - to you, Let
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest, Let

CHORUS.

Je - sus come in-to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now re-
L. v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now re-

ject him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
ject him no more; Just now, I o-pen the door And Jesus comes into my heart.

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No. 21. Best of All.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Matt. 28: 20. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.

1. Je - sus all my grief is bear - ing, He my man-sion is pre - par-ing,
2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When a-stray he will re - store me;
3. Je - sus loves and he will guide me, All I need he will pro - vide me,

When I'm trem-bling and de - spair-ing, He will sure - ly hear my call;
An - gel guards he sends be - fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;
In his bo - som he will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pall;

When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in helplessness I'm sleep-ing,
With his friends he hath en-rolled me, By his might he will up - hold me,
He will hear my fee-blest sigh - ing, Need-ful grace to me sup - ply - ing,

I am safe in his own keep-ing, This to me is best of all; Best of
In his arms he will en - fold me, This to me is best of all; Best of
He'll be with me when I'm dy - ing, This to me is best of all; Best of

ad lib.

all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, In his arms he will enfold me, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

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No. 22. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. Matt. 28: 19, 20. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest-fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I shall seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

CHORUS.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain or sea;

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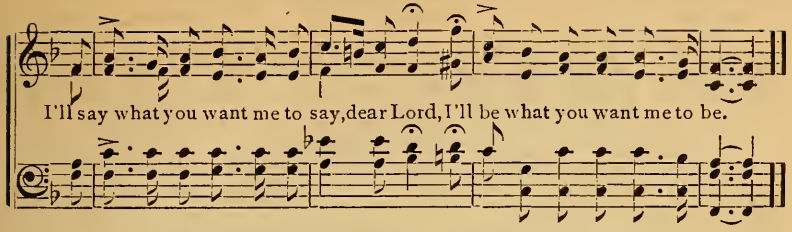
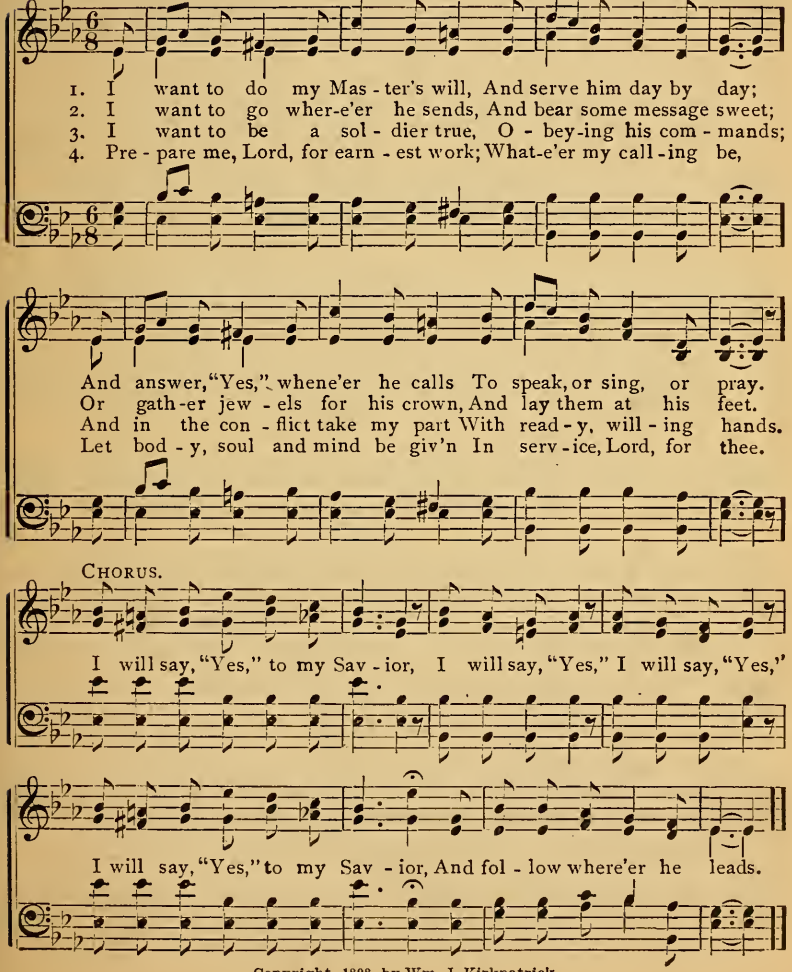
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.



No. 23. I Will Say, "Yes," To My Savior.

W. J. K. Luke 12: 8. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 24. Keep in the Line.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Isa. 28: 10-17. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol - diers for Je - sus, rise and a - way, Hark! 'tis the war - cry
2. Sol - diers for Je - sus, hap - py are we, He, our Pro - tect - or,
3. Sol - diers for Je - sus, glad - ly we go Smil - ing at dan - ger,
4. Sol - diers for Je - sus, vic - t'ry is nigh, Work till we gain it,

sound - ing to - day; Lo! our Com-man - der calls from the skies:
near us will be, Trust in his mer - cy, change-less di - vine;
brav - ing the foe, Bright are our land-marks, bright-ly they shine;
rest by and by; Oh, let our cour - age nev - er de - cline;

CHORUS.

For - ward to con - quest, lose not the prize!
March on with firm - ness, keep in the line.
March on re - joic - ing, keep in the line.
March on with bold - ness, keep in the line.
} Now like an ar - my

march - ing a - long Fear - less and faith - ful, val - iant and strong,

Up with our banners, brightly they shine; March on together, keep in the line.

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No. 25. The Homeland.

HUGH REGINALD HAWES. Rev. 21:4. T. E. JONES.

1. The Home-land, O, the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come,

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
No sin-ful thing or e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home;

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love.

Rit.

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ, bring us all to the Home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love.

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No. 26. Walk in the Light.

Asa Hull. Eph. 5: 8. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv-en To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light tho' shad - ows dark, Like spec-tres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light and thou shalt know The love of God to thee;

His Ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.
Dark-ness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - low-ship, so sweet be - low, In heav'n will sweeter be.

Chorus.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk.....
Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light,

in the light,..... Walk..... in the
in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
beau - ti - ful light of God,

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No. 27. For Christ and the Church.

II Tim. 2:3.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. For Christ and the church let our voic - es ring, Let us hon - or the name of our own bless-ed King, Let us work with a will in the ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol - ly yield, to his strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king - dom of truth.
2. For Christ and the church be our earn - est pray'r, Let us fol - low his gold, for the dear Mas-ter's sake; We'll re-mem - ber the best we can Spir - it's pow'r, And faith - ful - ly serve him in life's bright-est hour.
3. For Christ and the church will-ing off - 'ring make, Time and ta-lents and grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be en-riched by an bring to him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
4. For Christ and the church let us cast a - side, By His con-quer-ing aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav - ior's right hand.

Chorus.

For Christ our dear Re-deem - er, For Christ who died to save, For Christ For Christ

For the church his blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave. For the church

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No. 28. It Must Be Told.

Mark. 16: 15-16.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto - ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto-ry, That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak,

Looked down on his err - ing chil-dren With the pity - ing eyes of love;
Thro' the cent'ries that have vanished, But its charms can ne'er de-part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion, It shall strengthen what is weak;

How he sent his well - be - lov - ed For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange-ly cold,
Go forth to do his bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;

That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris-tian must be told.
To these, O falt - 'ring Chris-tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, It must be told, It must be told, It must be told,

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It Must Be Told.

sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten - der
sto - ry must be sweetly told, be oft - en sweetly told,

sto - ry, ... O Chris-tian, must be told.
sto - ry, wondrous sto - ry, O Chris - tian, must be oft - en sweetly told.

No. 29. He's With Me All the Time.

M. D. K. Matt 28: 20. MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is full of gladness, My heart is full of song; My loving Friend, my
2. I hold the hand of Je sus, He keeps me safe alway; Thro' unknown paths he
3. I walk in brightest sunshine, That shines along the way, It is the smile of
4. I hear the soft-est mu - sic, Like bells of sil-ver chime, It is the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Is with me all day long.
guides me, He's with me all the day.
Je - sus, He's with me all the day.
Je - sus, He's with me all the time.
} He's with me all the day, He's

with me all the time; My loving Friend, my Je-sus, He's with me all the time.

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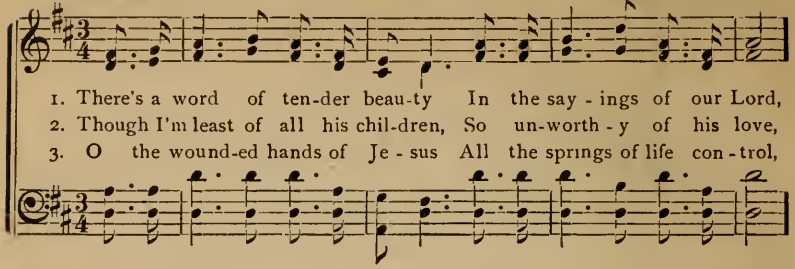
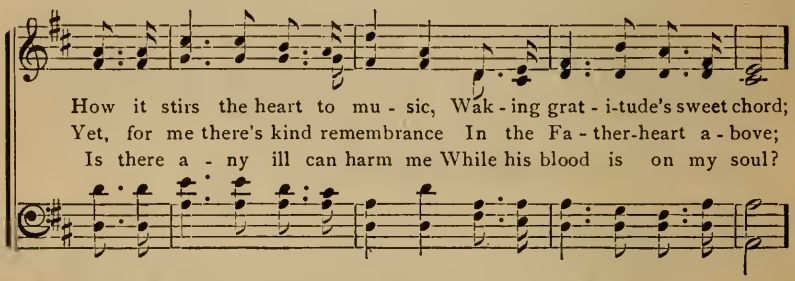
No. 30. Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God." Luke 12:6.

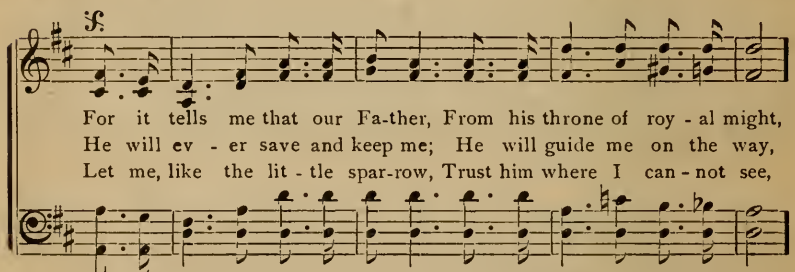
E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.



1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all his chil-dren, So un-worth - y of his love,
3. O the wound-ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



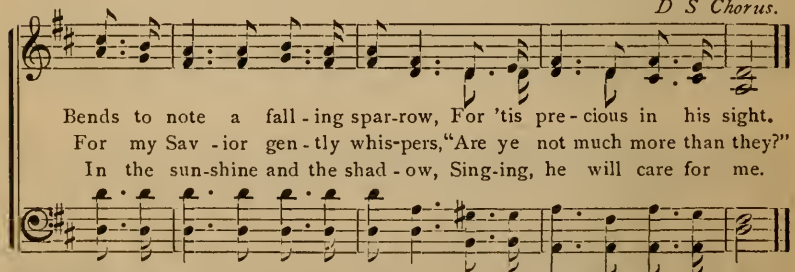
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i-tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?



For it tells me that our Fa-ther, From his throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust him where I can - not see,

Cho.—In my Fa-ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;

D S Chorus.



Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis pre - cious in his sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad - ow, Sing-ing, he will care for me.

While his eye is on the spar-row I will not for - got - ten be.

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No. 31. Joy in Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Luke 15: 7. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
2. There is joy a-mong the angels, By the shin-ing, crystal riv - er, For a
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav - en, Higher, pur - er than the an-gels'; 'Tis the

yond the pearl-y gates the news has come Of a sin - ner now re-pent-ing, To the
wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
Father's heart re-joic-ing in its love; 'Tis the Savior-Shepherd sing-ing O'er the

gospel-word con-sent-ing,—Of a contrite soul that seeks its bet - ter home.
arms of love are round him; Hear the mu - sic grandly ring from harps of gold.
lost one he is bring-ing, Bringing to the ev - er-last-ing home a - bove.

Chorus.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n, Souls are seeking now the liv-ing way; There is

joy, joy, joy, joy among the an-gels; Join their halle-lu-jah songs to-day.

to - day.

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No. 32. Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Rev. 6:11. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight,
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fount-ains of de-light,

Where shall en - ter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
When the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-ior's smile.
In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - ti - ful robes,
Beau-ti - ful robes, beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti - ful robes, beau-ti - ful robes,

Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,
Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear.

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Beautiful Robes.

Gar - ments of light, ... love - ly and bright, ...
Garments of light, garments of l ght, love ly and bright, love - ly and bright,

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 33. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a -
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

f.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in, Glo - ry to his
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his

Fine. Chorus. *D. S.*

name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

name.

No. 34. Loyalty to the Master.

E. E. Hewitt. Rev. 2:26. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and
2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, let-ting him lead the way! Glo-ri-ous is his
3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; look-ing to him a-lone, Turning a-way from

ev-er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Whol-ly at his com-mand-ment,
ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day; In-to the midst of bat-tle,
e-vil, Je-sus will keep his own, On-ward, still on-ward press-ing,

let ev-'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful-ly serving Je-sus, serv-ing with loy-al-ty.
conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.
see-ing the star-ry prize, Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.

Chorus.

Loy-al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For-ward,
Joy-ful-ly march,

for-ward, with a triumphant song; On-ward, on-ward, a
stead-i-ly march, Joy-ful-ly march, stead-i-ly march,

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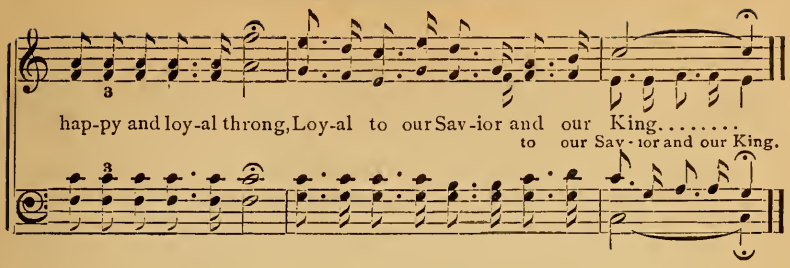
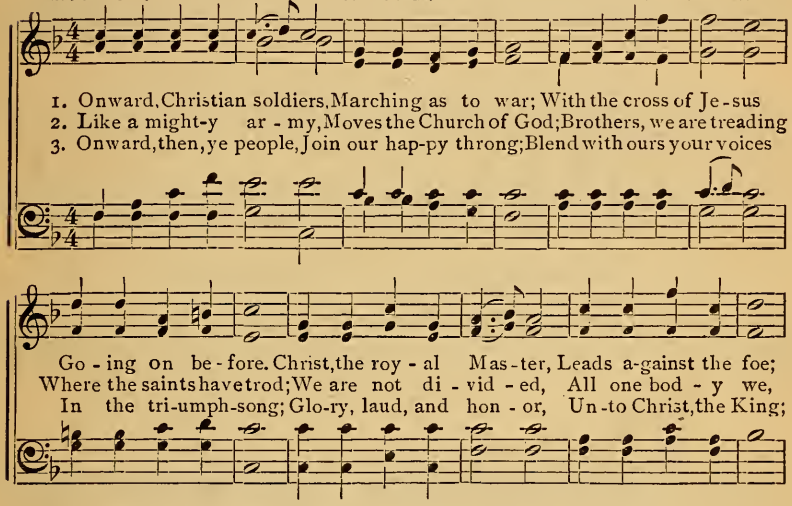
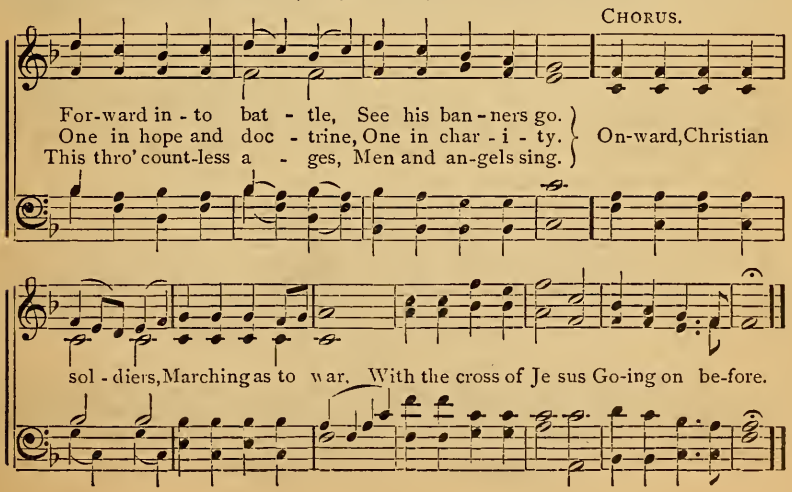


No. 35. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. I Tim. 6: 12. A. S. Sullivan.





No. 36. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Heb. 13: 12.

C. F. ALEXANDER. T. E. JONES.

DUET AND CHORUS.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear;
4. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by his prec - ious blood,
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And we must love him too,

Rit.

And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try His work to do.

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No. 37. Stepping in the Light.

E. E. Hewitt. I John 1: 7. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior Up-ward, still upward we'll

Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple.
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty,"

Chorus.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day.
Happy, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
} How beau-ti-ful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-ior, Step-ping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light.

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No. 38. We Are Singing on the Way.

L. H. Edmunds. Col. 3: 16. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. We are sing-ing on the way, To a bless-ed land of day, Where the
2. What tho' trials here we meet? Soon we'll walk the gold-en street, Where we'll
3. We are pressing on the way; Let us work, and watch and pray, Winning

rap-tured hal-le-lu-jahs nev-er cease; Soon we'll see its shin-ing tow'rs,
look up-on the beau-ty of our King; Tears of sor-row here may flow,
stars to spark-le in our crowns of light; Let us tell the Sav-ior's love,

Rest with-in its lovely bow'rs, In that E-den-land of ev-er-last-ing peace.
But "hereafter shall we know," And redeeming love thro' endless a-ges sing.
Till he bids us come above, Where no shadow ev-er mars the radiance bright.

D. S.—glo-ry we shall share, In the house of "many mansions," bright and fair.

Chorus.

Bless-ed home! bless-ed home! In the house of ma-ny
Bless-ed home! Bless-ed home!

mansions," bright and fair; For we'll be like Je-sus there, And his
bright and fair;

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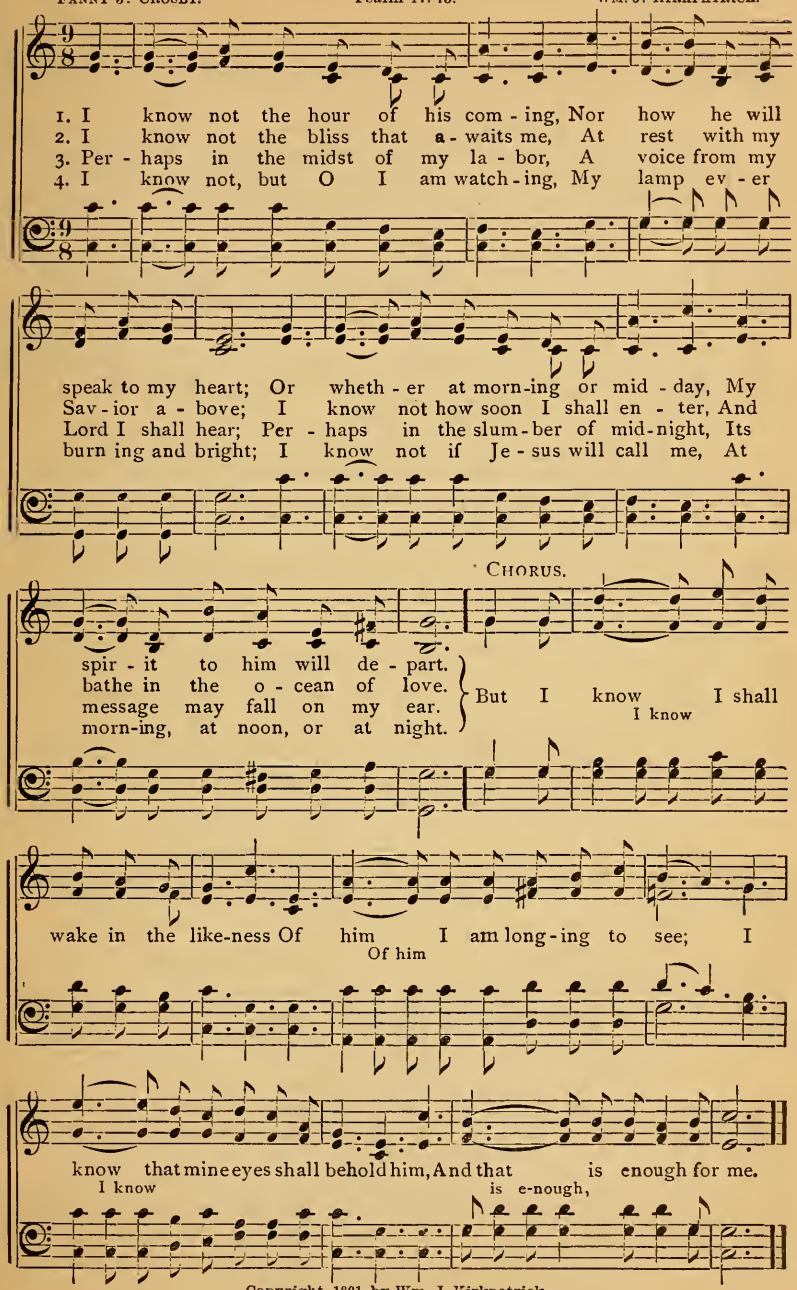
No. 39. Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 17: 15. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No 40. An Open Bible for the World.

Heb. 4: 12.

HENRY M. KING, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious mot - to be!
2. Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from an un-veiled sun,
3. It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra-diant with for-giv-ing love;
4. It tells of Je - sus and his death, Of life pro-cured for dy-ing men;
5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag unfurled Shall scat-ter blessings rich and free.
Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un-do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of A-dam's race Proclaims sweet mercy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum-ble faith, It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint it strength imparts: And gilds with hope th'eternal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God!..... send forth thy light.....
Blest word of God! Send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea,..... .... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,

wan - der in the night.... Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

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No. 41. O Why Go Away Unsaved To-Night?

T. E. J. Rom. 10:13. T. E. Jones.

1. O why go a - way un-saved to-night? Re - ject -ing the pre-cious
2. O why go a - way un-saved to-night? Not heeding his voice, you're
3. O why go a - way un-saved to-night? No hope, from this world of

Lord; O why go in dark - ness rath - er than light? Re-
lost, The Spir - it to - night may take his flight, O
sin, Con - fess him to - night, he is the Light, O -

Chorus.

fus - ing his glo - rious re - ward.
friend, won't you count well the cost?
bey and the new life be - gin.

Go - ing a - way un-

saved to-night, A - way from life and light; Con-fess and o - bey, there's

no oth - er way, O come to the Sav - ior to - day.

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Words and Music.

No. 42. On to Victory.

J. H. E. I John 5: 4. J. Howard Entwisle.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trum-pet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
2. March-ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op-press'd,

On to the front where sin is a-bound-ing, Forward, the call o - bey;
Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of dan-ger, Fear and a - larm, a - dieu;
Firm in our pur-pose, true in our motives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
On, tho' the world op - press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
Trust-ing the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
Wait-ing the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha-ven of rest.

Chorus.

Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,

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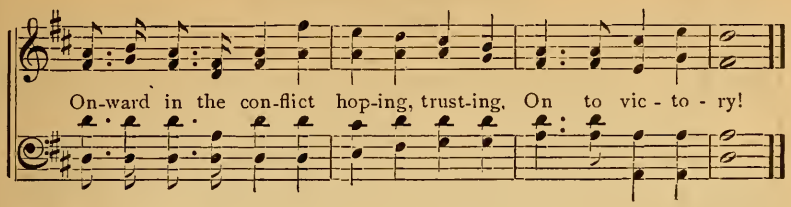
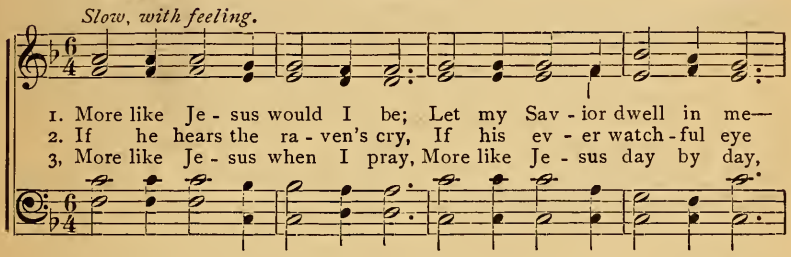
On to Victory.

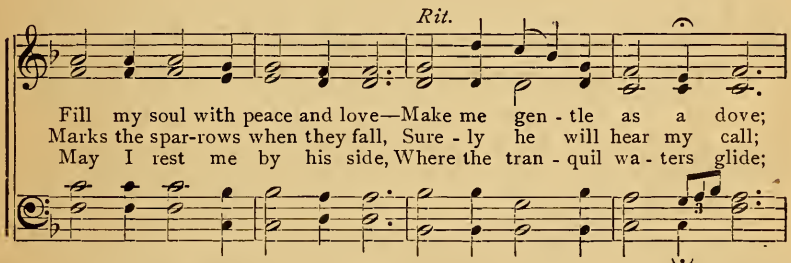


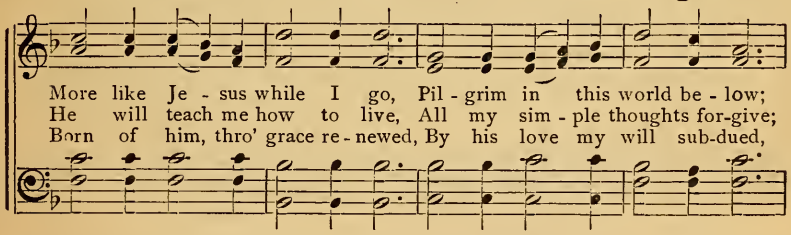
No. 43. More Like Jesus.

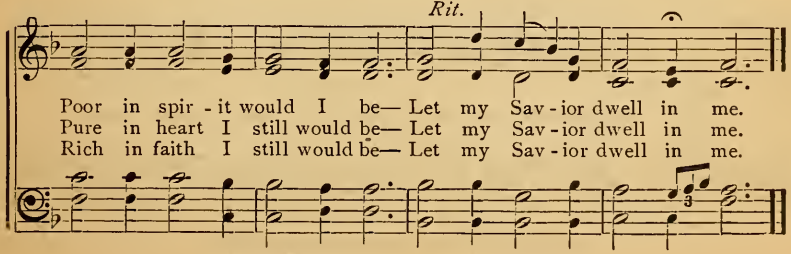
F. J. Crosby. II Peter 1: 2. W. H. Doane.

Slow, with feeling.









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No. 44. Work for the Master.

E. E. Hewitt. Haggai. 2:4. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Work for the Mas-ter; an-swer his call; Take up the du-ty;
2. Work for the Mas-ter; work with de-light; Serve him with glad-ness,
3. Work for the Mas-ter; great the re-ward; Stars for the crown-ing,

trust him for all; Walk in the way o-pened to-day, Promptly his word o-
soon comes the night; Seeking his face, us-ing his grace, Rest-ing in his em
joy in the Lord, Songs by the way, blessings to-day, Rich-ly our toil re-

bey. Life's bloom and sunshine, cheerful-ly bring, Ev-'ry good tal-ent
brace. Scorn not the tri-fles, sometimes a word Spok-en in kind-ness,
pay. Bless-ings that ev-er bright-en the more, Till we shall en-ter

lent by our King; Life thro' his name freely proclaim, Spreading the heav'nly
grate-ful-ly heard, Seed-like in pow'r, lives as a flow'r Growing for E-den's
home's golden door, Then at his feet, glad-ly we'll meet, Sing-ing his prais-es

Spread - ing the

Rit. Chorus.

flame.....
bow'r.....
sweet.....
} Work for the Mas-ter, Looking a-bove, Led by his Spir-it,

heav'nly flame.

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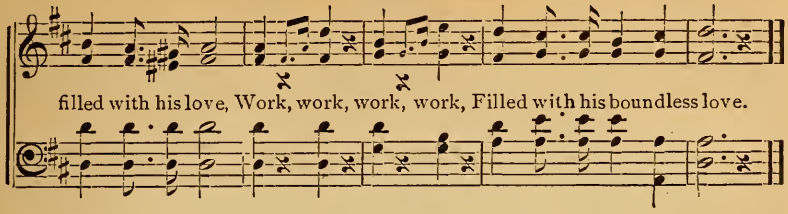
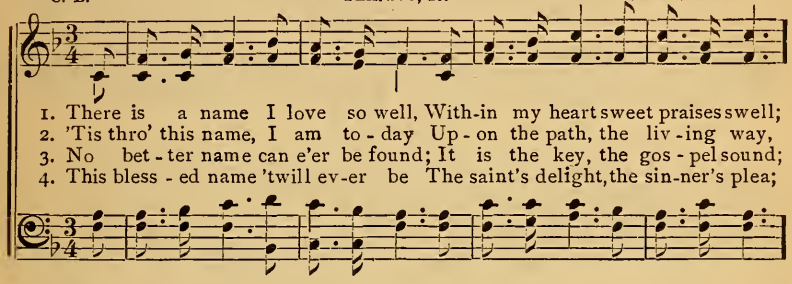
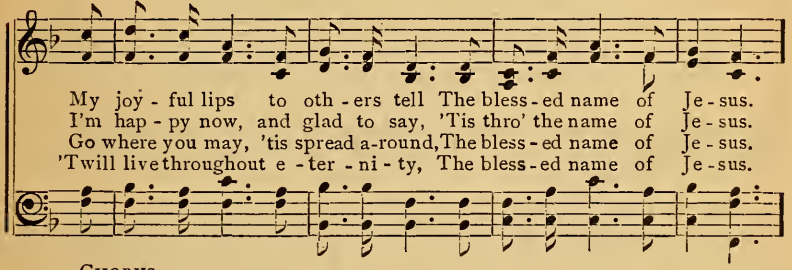
Work for the Master.



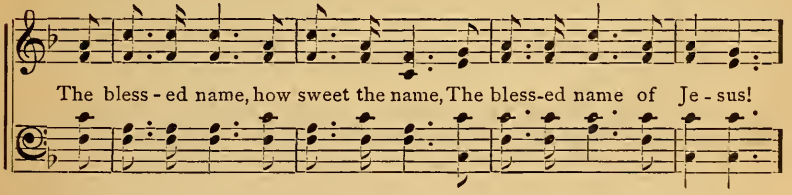
No. 45. The Blessed Name of Jesus.

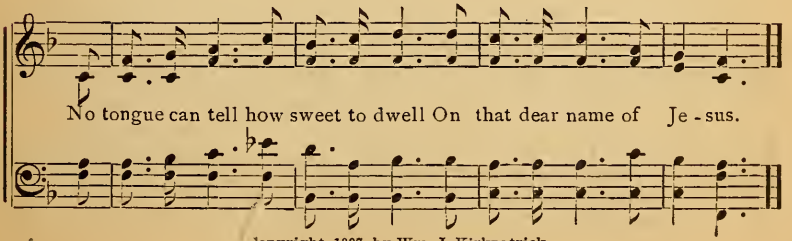
C. B. Phil. 2: 9, 10. Chas. Bentley.





Chorus.





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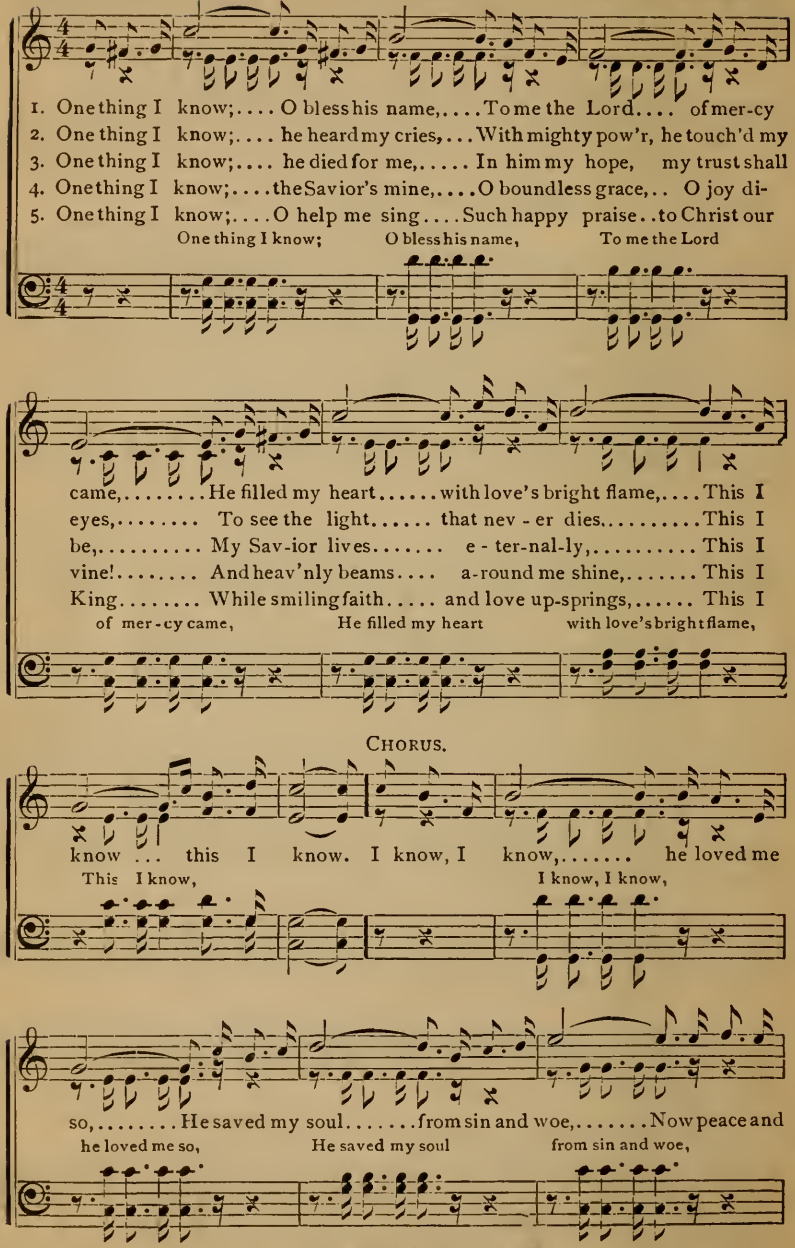
No. 46. One Thing I Know.

I Tim. 1: 12.

E. E. Hewitt. Solo or Quartet. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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joy ..... he doth be - stow,..... This I know, ... This I know.
Now peace and joy he doth bestow, This I know,

No. 47. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. Psalm 104: 34. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I proved him o'er and o'er,

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

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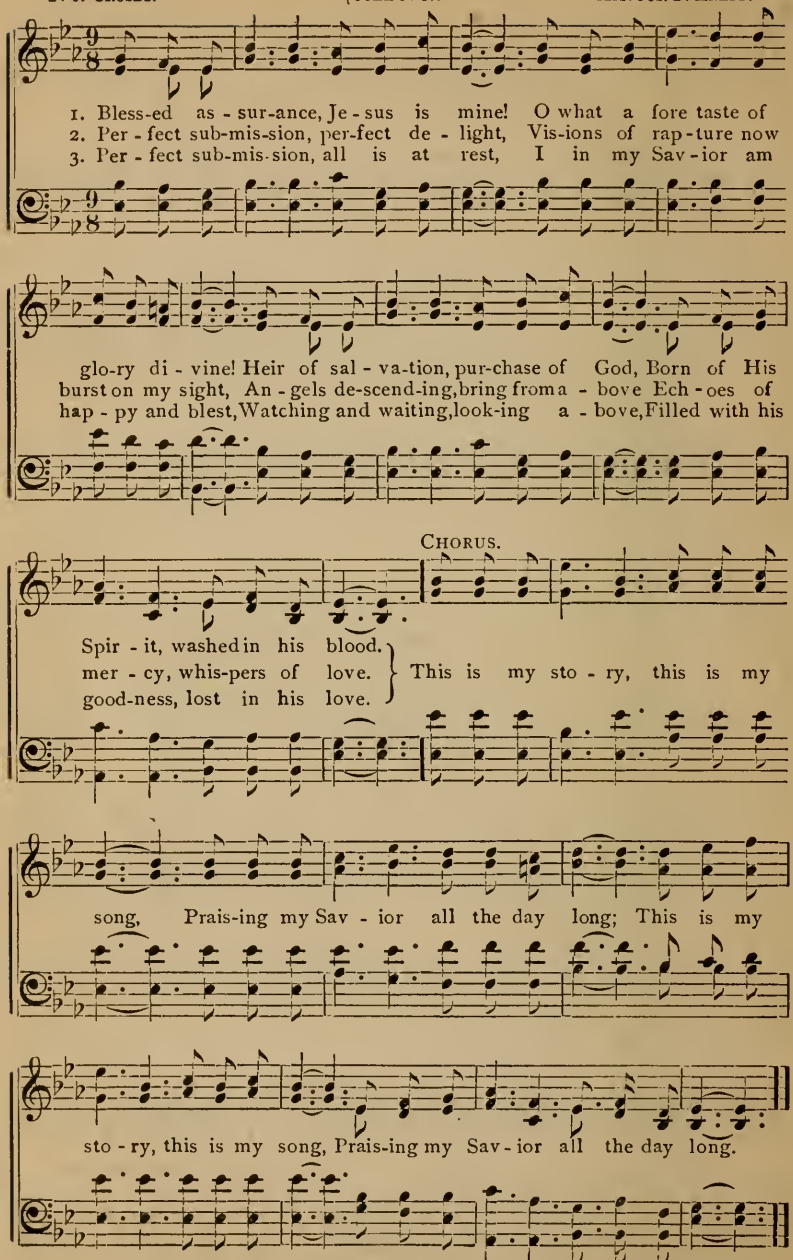
No. 48. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. [John 6: 47. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



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No. 49. He Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 32: 7. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav-ior to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord, He tak-eth my burden a way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns. And filled with his fullness di- vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo-ry to God! For such a Re-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

plea-sure I see.
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mill-ions on high.
} He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love, And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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No. 50. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Psalm 89: 13.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-

last - ing Arms, What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms, O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near.

Chorus.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing
Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms, Lean - ing
lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

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No. 51. Crown Him King of Glory.

Matt. 21: 22.

T. W. S. T. W. Stewart.

1. Crown the Sav - ior King of glo - ry, Sing a - loud ho - san - na,
2. Crown his head with end - less bless - ing, Je - sus our Re-deem-er,
3. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er! All the earth shall bless and

praise his ho - ly name; Tell to all the won - drous sto - ry,
Prop-het, Priest and King; Now ye saints, his pow'r con - fess - ing,
mag - ni - fy thy name; Noth - ing from thy love shall sev - er;

Chorus.

All his boundless love pro-claim.
Ev - er-more his prais - es sing.
Je - sus! ev - er-more the same.

Crown..... him King of glo - ry,
Crown him King of glo - ry,

glo - ry, Crown him King of glo - ry, crown him Lord of all;
Crown him King of glo - ry,

Crown..... him King of glo - ry, Crown the Savior Lord of all.
Crown him King of glo - ry, Crown him King of glo-ry.

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No. 52. Go, Work To-day.

This is the last hymn written by the author. "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

M. D. K. MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go, work to-day, the Mas - ter commands, Why stand ye waiting with
2. Go, work to-day, in the morning of youth, Go tell the mes-sage of
3. Go, work to-day, go forth in his might, Make some load lighter, some

i - dle hands? There is work to do; there are hearts to win, And
love and truth, Go and seek the lost from the fold a - stray, And
sad heart bright, Comfort those who weep, help those in need, For

CHORUS.

per - ish - ing souls to be saved from sin.
point them to Je - sus, the Life, the Way.
plen - te - ous har - vest sow pre - cious seed.
} Go, work to-day,

go, work to - day, Time pass - es swift - ly, no long-er de - lay;

Hear the dear Master lov-ing-ly say: "In my vineyard go work to-day."

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No. 53. I Shall be Satisfied.

Psalm 17: 15.

I. N. Gortner. T. W. Stewart.

1. When from the scenes of earth I rise With Christ, my Sav-ior, to a - bide,
2. I shall be-hold my Sav-ior's face, Il-lum-ined with the light of day,
3. There I shall see the fa - ces fair, Of ma-ny loved ones who have left
4. Soon I shall tread the streets of gold, And list-en to the an-gel's song,
5. I'll join the songs of praise and sing Of him who once was cru - ci - fied,

Be - yond the clouds, be-yond the skies, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And I shall rest in his em-brace, Far from earth's cares a - way.
This world of sin, this vale of care, Of whom I've been be - reft.
While glo-ry shall to me un - fold Thro' all the a - ges long.
And in the pres - ence of my King I shall be sat - is - fied.

Chorus.

I shall be sat - - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied,

My ev - 'ry need sup - plied
My ev - 'ry need sup - plied, ev - 'ry need sup - plied,

And in the pres - ence of the King I shall be sat - is - fied.

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No. 54. Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

Mark 8: 36.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly plead - ing, Plead-ing with you to - day.
2. Je - sus is ten-der - ly plead - ing, Plead-ing in ac-cents sweet,
3. Je - sus is ten-der - ly plead - ing; Why will you ling-'ring wait?

Whis-per - ing gen - tly, "O sin - ner, Turn from your sins a - way,"
Seek-ing your peace and your par - don, There at the mer - cy - seat,
Glo - ries im - mor - tal in - vite you, Glo-ries with - in the gate,

Sweet are his ac-cents so ten - der, Tear - ful - ly call - ing to thee,
Free from all care and temp-ta - tion, Free from the trammels of sin,
See, at the por-tal he's stand-ing Ea - ger to wel-come you home,—

Hear the sweet voice of your Sav-ior, Say-ing, "O come un - to me."
Je - sus stands read-y to greet you, Read - y to wel-come you in.
Heed the sweet voice of your Sav-ior, Come to him, sin - ner, O come.

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Jesus is Tenderly Pleading.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing with
Plead - ing with thee, plead - ing with thee, Plead-ing with thee;

thee;..... Ten - - der - ly plead - ing,
Plead - ing with Thee, Ten - der - ly pleads, ten - der - ly pleads,

"Come..... un - to me,"..... Sad - - ly he's
"Come un - to me, Come un - to me." Sad - ly he turns,

turn - ing, Turn - - ing, a - way;.....
Sad - ly he turns, Turn -ing a - way, Turn -ing a - way;

Rit.

Why..... will ye fal - ter? Seek..... him to - day.....
Why fal - ter now? Why fal - ter now? Seek him to-day! Seek him to-day!

No. 55. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

Heb. 10: 26.

W. A O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word, Dearer far than a - ny message
2. Sweet is the tender love Je-sus hath shown, Sweeter far than any love that
3. List to his loving words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heavy-laden, there is

man ev-er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, Sinless I see, He the great ex-
mortals have known, Kind to the erring one, Faithful is he, He the great ex-
sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is-es, Faithful and sure, Lean upon the

Chorus.

am-ple is and pattern for me.
am-ple is, and pattern for me.
Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

Where.... he leads I'll fol - low,
Where he leads I'll follow, Where he leads I'll follow,

1 2

Fol - low all the way,..... Fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, fol-low all the way;

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No. 56. Jesus For Me.

Psalm 18: 2.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior is all things to me, O what a Won - der-ful
2. Je - sus in sick-ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my Fort - ress, my
4. He is my Prophet; my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
5. Je - sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treas-ure in

Sav - ior is he; Guid-ing, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's roll - ing sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem-pest; what-ev - er it be,
Strength and my Pow'r; Life ev - er - last-ing, my Days-man is he,
Foun-tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day - star is he,
loss or in gain; Con-stant Com-pan - ion, wher-e'er I may be,

Chorus.

Might - y de - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me.
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.
} Je - sus for me,

Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

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No. 57. Building Day by Day.

II Cor. 5:1.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is donè in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
3. Then be watchful and wise let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his word, We must

INST.

CHORUS.

a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
prom-ised us a bright re-ward.
build up - on the sol - id rock.

We are building day by day, as the moments glide a - way, Our temple which the world may not see;

Which the world may not see;

Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find it's place

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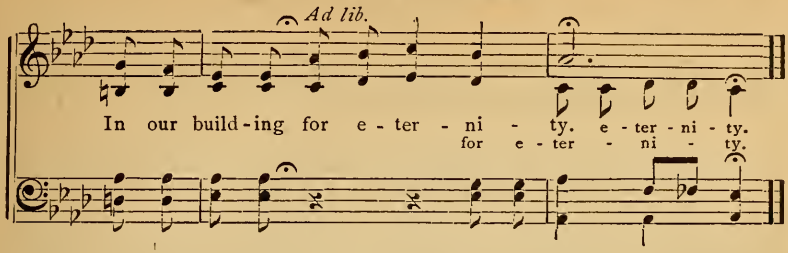
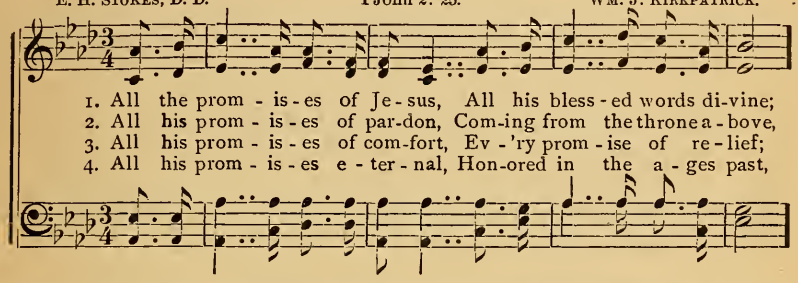
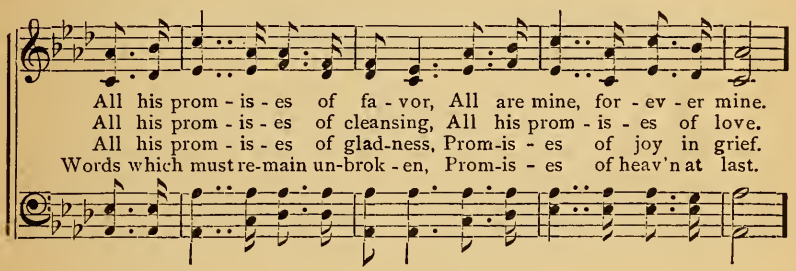
Building Day by Day.

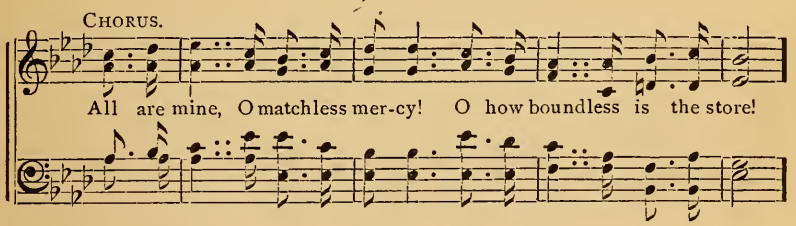


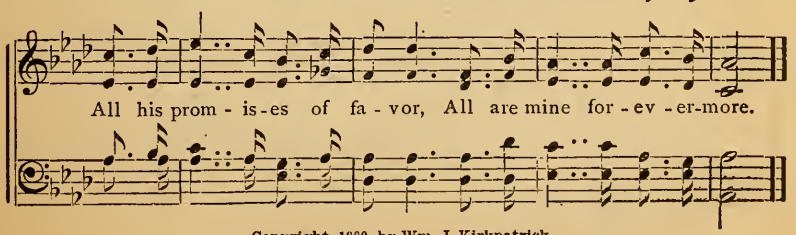
No. 58. All Are Mine.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. — I John 2: 25. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.









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No. 59. Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. Crosby. Isaiah 56: 7. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior, and Friend; If we come to him in faith, his pro-tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a tend - er com-pas-sion his chil-dren to hear; When he tells us we may cast at his feet ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym - pa-thiz-ing heart he re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
4. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trust-ing him, we be - lieve That the bless -ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

Chorus.

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Bless-ed hour of pray'r; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

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No. 60. Still Out of Christ.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Matt. 11:28. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Still out of Christ, when so oft he has called you; Why will you lon-ger re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so pre-cious, Night is approaching; O
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there-is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
4. Still out of Christ and the love he has prom-ised; How you are longing that

fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleas-ure?
what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the foun-tain,
turn from your sin; Yon-der he stands at the door of sal-va-tion,
love to re-ceive! Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,

CHORUS.

How can you trust them when both will de-ceive?
Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you.
Wait-ing to par-don and wel-come you in.
Haste, and this mo-ment re-pent and be-lieve.
} Come, come to Je-sus,

weary, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Je-sus while you may; Now he is

wait-ing, wait-ing to receive you, Hark! he is call-ing you to-day.

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No. 61. For You and For Me.

W. L. T. John 11: 28. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,—Call - ing for you and for me. See on the por - tals he's wait-ing and watching,—
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing,—Plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,—
3. Time is now fleet - ing the mo-ments are pass-ing,— Pass - ing from you and from me. Shad-ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are com-ing,—
4. O, for the won - der-ful love he has promised,—Prom-ised for you and for me. Though we have sinned he has mer - cy and par - don,—

CHORUS.

m

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
} Come home.... come home,.... Come home, come home,

Cres. *Rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;.. Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

Rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing— Call-ing, O sin ner, come home!

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No. 62. Who Will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt. Ex. 12: 26. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who will fol - low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his banner
2. Who will fol - low Je - sus, In life's bus - y ways, Work-ing for the Master
3. Who will fol - low Je - sus, When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safe-ty
4. Who will fol - low Je - sus, In his work of love? Lead-ing oth - ers to him,

In the thick-est fight? List-'ning for his or - ders, Read-y to o - bey,
Giv-ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vine-yard, Hon-or - ing his laws,
To the Sav-ior's arms; Trusting in his mer - cy, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
Lifting pray'rs a - bove? Courage, faith-ful serv - ant; In his word we see,

Chorus.

Who will fol - low Je - sus, Serv-ing him to - day?
Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watchful for his cause?
Seek-ing fresh re - new - als Of his grace each hour.
On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav - ior be.
} Who will follow Jesus?

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Je - sus? Who will make re-ply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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No. 63. Praise Ye the Lord! Joyfully Shout.

F. J. Crosby. Psalm 104: 33. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout hosanna! Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord! he is the King e-ter-nal; Glo-ry be to God on

claim; Lift up our hearts un-to his throne with gladness,—Magnify his
high! Praise we the Lord, tell of his lov-ing kindness,—Join the chorus

ho-ly name. March-ing a-long un-der his ban-ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i-ly marching on, In the

in his mer-cy as we go,..... His light di-vine ten-der-ly
trust-ing we go,
ranks of Je-sus we will go,..... Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly
ev-er we'll go.

o'er us will shine; We shall be guid-ed by his hand now and for-ev-er.
home, where the blest Gath-er and praise the Savior's name, praise him forever.

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Praise Ye the Lord! Joyfully Shout.

CHORUS.

Stead-i - ly marching on, With our banner wav-ing o'er us, Stead-i - ly marching on, while we sing the joy - ful cho-rus; Stead i - ly marching on, pil - lar and cloud go - ing be - fore us, To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

No. 64. Revive us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God; for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry; Hal-le - lu-jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 65. Rest, Sweet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 55: 6. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest; Breath'd by a
2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest; There where the
3. Soon in the joy-land we shall know, Rest, sweet rest; Home where the

soft harp all day long, Rest, sweet rest. Out of the pearl-gates
life - tree fruits a - bound, Rest, sweet rest. Haste to the love - lit
blue waves mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest. Rest where the spring-time

bright and fair, Borne on a sun - beam thro' the air, Song for the
skies a - way, Haste where the vine-leaves ne'er de - cay, Faith on her
buds are strown, Rest where the dear ones all have flown, Rest where the

CHORUS. *With great expression.*

toil-worn ev - 'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.
light wings join the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.
} Rest, sweet rest, hal - lowed

rest, Song for the toil-worn ev -'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.

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No. 66. Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. Psalm 48:13. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Have you my dear broth-er, been res - cued from sin? Is Christ, the Re-
2. Are you, my dear broth-er, washed whiter than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear broth-er, with - in you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear broth-er, now walk-ing with you? And does he di-

deem - er a - bid-ing with-in? Would you help some others sal-va-tion to win?
cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
joy-ments do you now disdain? O would you help others a heav-en to gain?
rect in all things that you do? O would you have others enjoy Je - sus too?

Chorus.

Then tell the glad sto - ry a - broad. O tell the glad sto - ry, O
tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - va - ry's flow, And
ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, O tell the glad story a - broad.

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No. 67. Wonderful Story of Love.

John 15: 13.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful sto-ry of
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful sto-ry of
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful sto-ry of

love: Wake the im - mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture announce it,
love; Still he doth call to - day: Call - ing from Cal-va - ry's mountain,
love; For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a - bove us

Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin - ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it?
Down from the crys - tal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
With those who've gone on be-fore us, Sing - ing the rapt - u - rous cho - rus,

Chorus.

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won -
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Won-der-ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!
sto-ry of love; Won-der-ful sto ry of love;

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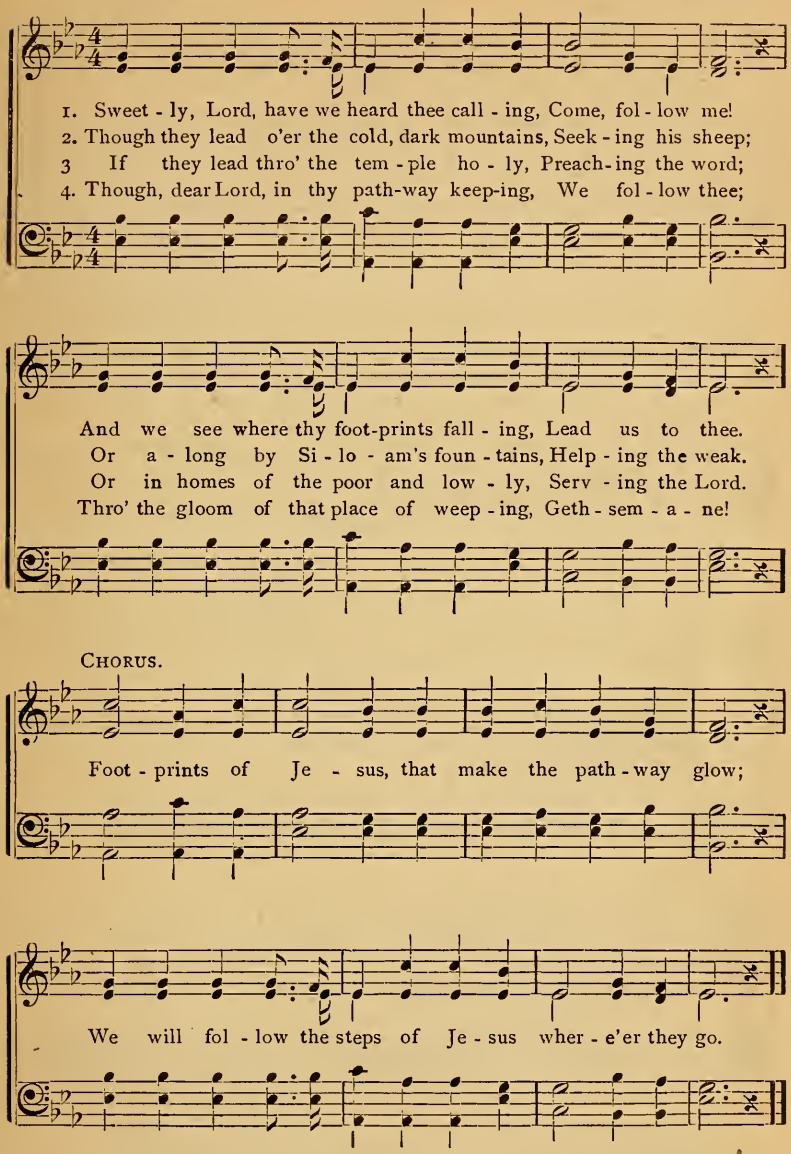
No. 68. Foot-Steps of Jesus.

MARY B. C. SLADE. I Peter 2: 21. A. B. EVERETT.



5 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

6 Then at last, when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

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No. 69. Trust and Obey.

I Tim. 4:10.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

Chorus.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
} Trust and o - bey, For there's

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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No. 70. Adrift On Life's Ocean.

Rev. 22: 17.

ADA BLENKHORN. T. E. JONES.

1. A - drift on life's per - i - lous o - cean, No place from the tempest to
2. Beyond there are sorrows and dangers, And rocks where the wild breakers
3. There's one who will faithfully guide you Past dan-gers un-seen on the

hide, Ye storm-toss'd, now turn your boat homeward, Where shelter and
roar; The sin - ner that's wrecked in the darkness, Re-turns to the
deep; He rul - eth the wave and the tem-pest, And Je - sus is

CHORUS.

com - fort a - bide.
har - bor no more.
might-y to keep.
O wan-der - er, out on life's o - cean,
life' o-cean,

Borne on by the treach-er - ous tide,..... If you trust in the
treacherous tide,

Sav - ior to guide you, You will ev - 'ry tem - pest out - ride.
to guide you,

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No. 71. Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

Psalm 89: 1.

MAY CLIFTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing, the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep unmeasured love;
2. Sing, O sing, the love of Je - sus, Ren-der heart-y thanks and praise;
3. An - gel-lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound pro-long;
4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be;

Let the soul - in - spir-ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a-bove.
While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on thro' end-less days.
Heav'nly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap-ture swell the song.
Un - to him who lov'd and sav'd us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing, ... the love of Je - sus,
the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,

Heav'n and earth ..... re - peat the strain;
re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re - peat the strain;

Sing, O sing ..... till ev - 'ry na - tion
till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

Ech - oes on..... the sweet re - frain.
the sweet re - frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re - frain.

No. 72. Love Everlasting.

E. E. Hewitt. Eph. 3: 19. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Love, that o - pens heav'n to me, At my Sav - ior's cross I see;
2. I will tell it to his praise, He is with me all the days;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow'r Keep me trust-ing ev - 'ry hour,
4. In his im - age may I grow, In his foot-prints on-ward go,

Roy - al mer - cy he be-stows Where the pre-cious fountain flows.
On his might-y arm I lean, Thro' life's ev - er - changing scene.
Come with-in me, and a - bide, Gift of Je - sus glo - ri - fied.
Till the shad-ows all are past, Till the morn - ing breaks at last.

Chorus.

Love,..... love,..... Love that o - pens heav'n to me!
Love, such love! won - drous love!

Love,..... love,..... Ev - er - last - ing full and free!
Love, such love, bleed - ing love!

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No. 73. Lo! A Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. Jackson. Eph. 6: 11. Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem-bling, Rally-ing to the cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
2. Marshalled league of ea - ger, youthful sol - diers, Girt with truth they bear the Spir - it's sword, Shield of faith and hel-met of sal - va-tion,
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of un - be - lief and sin, Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

Chorus.

Sworn to do or die at God's command.
Read - y, wait-ing for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.
For - ward, ye sol-diers of Je - sus,
Forward, forward, march, ye sol - diers,

With his ban-ner o'er you, Charge the foe be-fore you; Val - iant - ly fol - low your Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For - ward, ye
For - ward, for - ward, march, ye sol - diers, Forward, march ye sol - diers, for - ward, Forward, forward

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

Lo! A Mighty Army.

sol-diers of Je - sus, Faithful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat - tle fall - ing,
march, ye sol - diers For - ward, for - ward, march, ye sol-diers,

Ye shall with Je - sus vic-to-rious Reign in glo - ry ev - er - more.
For-ward, march, ye sol - diers, for - ward,

No. 74. Follow All the Way.

Geo. W. Collins. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, I have heard my Sav-ior call - ing,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' he leads me thro' the val - ley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' he leads me thro' the gar - den,

Cho.—Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,

I have heard my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way

Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ‖:Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ‖:Tho' he leads me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ‖:Tho' he leads through fiery trials,:‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ‖:I will follow on to know him:‖
He's my Savior, Savior, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖:O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus:‖
And be with him, with him all the way.

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No. 75. He Saves Me.

J. W. Van de Venter. Eph. 2: 8. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear loving Savior has found me. And shattered the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi - nal-ly winning me to him,
3. I nev - er, no never will leave him, Grow wea-ry of service and grieve him,

Tho' all was con-fu-sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul.
I yield-ed my all to pur-sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve him, Remain in his pres-ence di - vine;

The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
Al-though a vile sin - ner be-fore him, Thro' faith I was led to implore him,
A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,

The way of sal - va-tion he taught me, And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
And now I rejoice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov - ing em-brace.
Con-fid-ing im - plic it - ly know-ing That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.

Chorus.

He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu - jah! O glo - ry,

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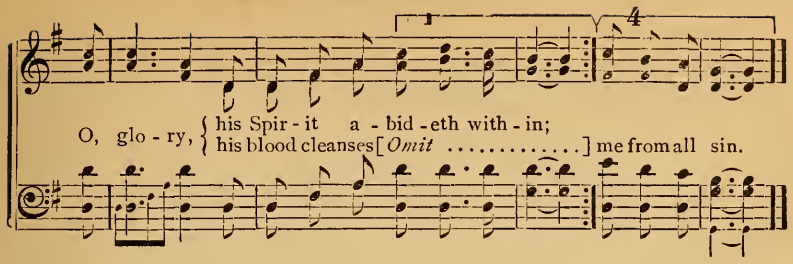
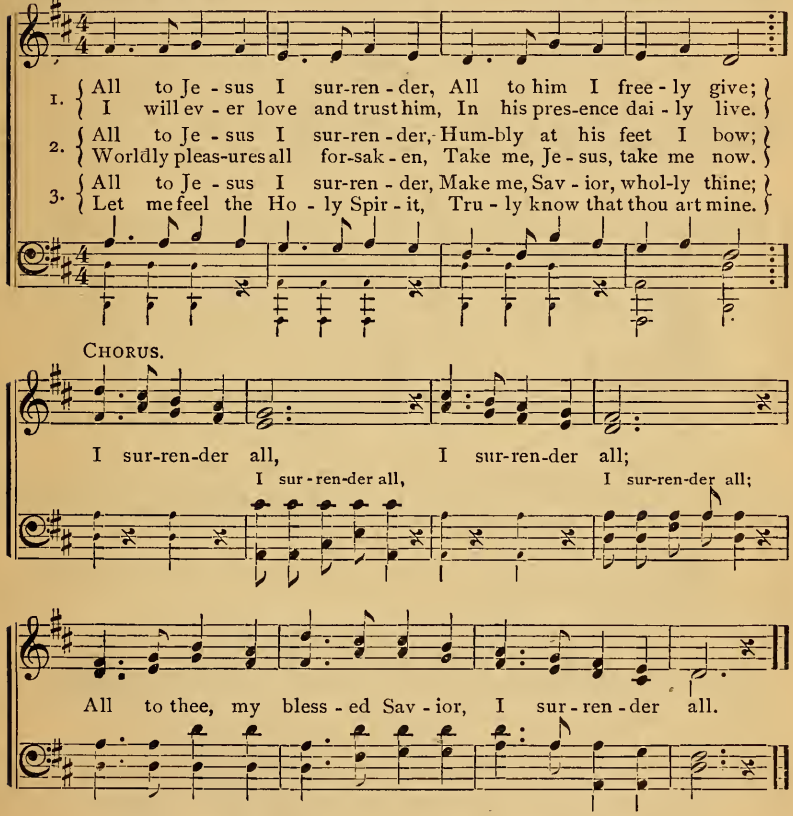


No. 76. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. DUET. W. S. WEEDEN. By per.



4 All to Jesus I surrender
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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No. 77. Over the River.

Col. 3: 4.

L. H Edmunds. Spanish Melody, arr.

1. O - ver the riv - er Hangs a cloud so dark and drear, Till Je-sus
2. O - ver the riv - er Loved ones pass from day to day; To realms im-
3. O - ver the riv - er Bliss - ful chords of mu - sic float, O - ver the

com - forts, Till his voice we hear; Then his smile, il - lum - ing,
mor - tal, Bear our hearts a - way; O the sweet re - un - ions,
riv - er Sounds the harp's glad note; There, at home with Je - sus,

Floods the waves with gold-en light, Then a path of glo - ry
Just be-yond the si - lent tide! O the songs of wel-come,
End -less a - ges of de - light; There the shin - ing man-sions,

Slower. Chorus.

O - pens to the sight.
On the oth - er side.
Robes of radiant white.
O - ver the riv - er, Sav - ior, close be-

Ritard.

side us stand; O - ver the riv - er, To the heavenly land.

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No. 78. Looking This Way.

Heb. 12: 2.

J. W. V. SOLO OR DUET. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man,
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4 Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Looking for some one,
5. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones

look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck - on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
stray - ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam?

CHORUS.

Wait-ing and watch-ing pa - tient-ly there.
In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Anx-ious - ly look - ing, moth-er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."
} Look-ing this way, yes,

look-ing this way; Lov'd ones are wait-ing, looking this way; Fair as the

morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.

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No. 79. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

Psalm 31: 3.

W. L. T. SOLO OR DUET. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est

end - ed, and part - ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand-'ring,

Rit. p

Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam; Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther

Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen-tly home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago,

No. 80. Scattering Precious Seed.

Rom. 12: 10.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat- ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat- ter - ing
2. Scat- ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat- ter - ing
3. Scat- ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev - er, Scat- ter - ing

pre-cious seed, by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed,
pre-cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
trust - ing, know-ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

Chorus.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
Sow - ing in the eve - ning,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

pp

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No. 81. Jesus Saves.

Acts 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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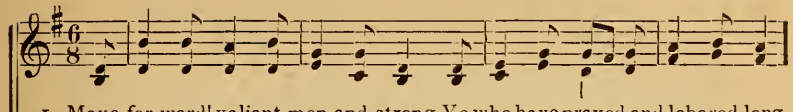
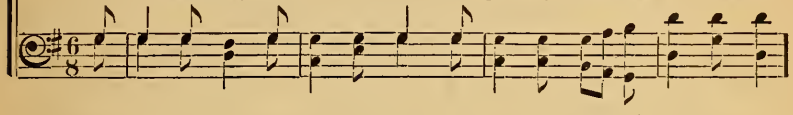
No. 82. Move Forward!

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Ps. 27: 1.

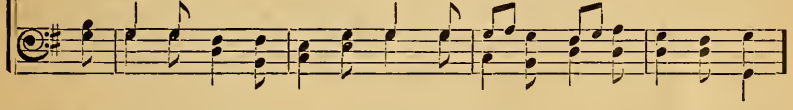
G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner.



1. Move for-ward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long,
2. Move for-ward! each and ev-'ry one, The gold-en har-vest is be-gun,
3. Move for-ward! reap-ing as you move! An-gels are watching from a-bove!
4. Move for-ward! day will die full soon, How quick-ly eve-ning fol-lows noon,

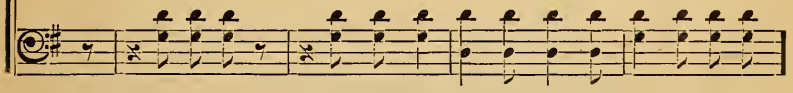


The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
Ye reap-ers come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
A-round are wit-ness-es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
Now is the time to work and pray—Let glo-ry crown the dy-ing day.

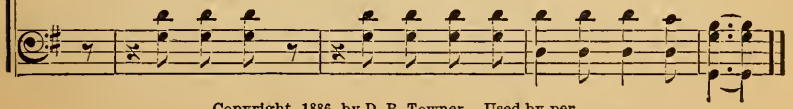


Chorus.

Move for-ward, move for-ward, All a-long the line,
Move forward, move for-ward, All a-long the line, move forward,



Move for-ward, move for-ward, The light be-gins to shine.
Move for-ward, move for-ward,



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No. 83. Never Alone.

Isa. 41: 10-13.

E. E. Hewitt. J. C. H. and V. A. White.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Through the clouds of mid-night,
2. Ros - es fade a - round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth - ly sunbeams van - ish— Ra - diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
3. Steps un - seen be - fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near - er still my Sav - ior, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev - er leave thee, Nev-er will leave thee a - lone."
Bloom-ing for his own, Je - sus, Heaven's sun - shine, Nev-er will leave me a - lone.
To my heart have flown, Sing - ing all so sweet - ly, "He will not leave me a - lone."

Chorus.

No, nev - er a - lone,..... nev - er a - lone, Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom-ised nev - er to leave me,

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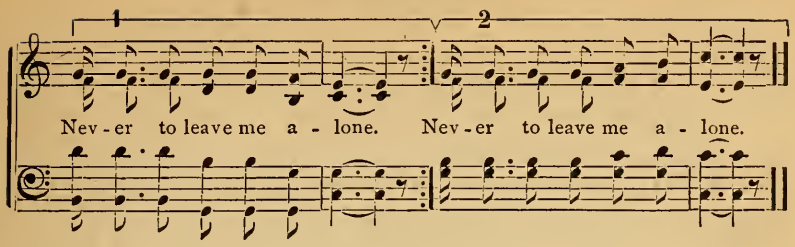
Never Alone.

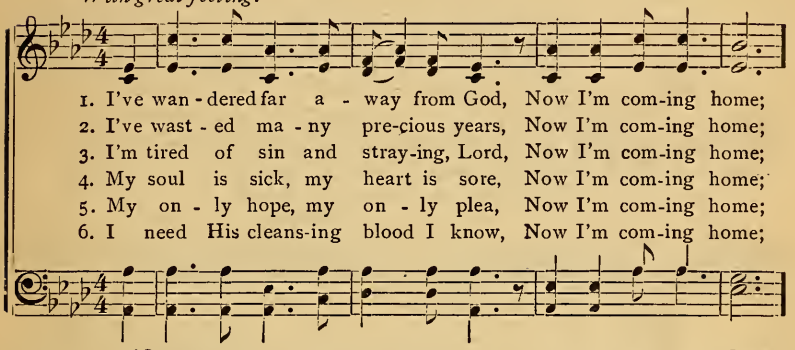


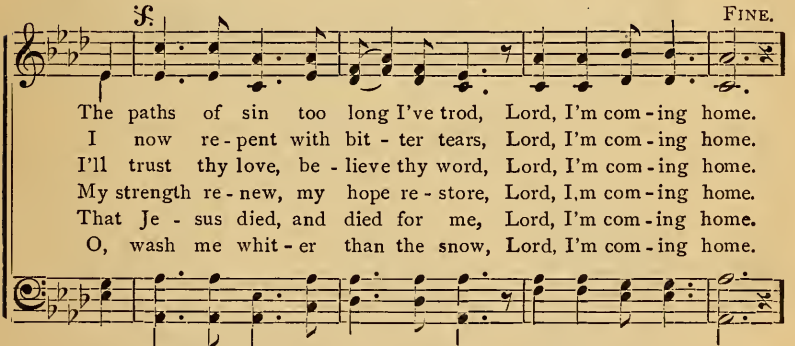
No. 84. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

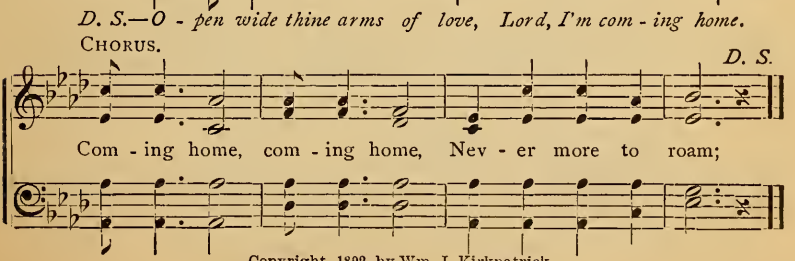
Matt. 11: 28.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.







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No. 85. Send the Light.

C. H. G. Matt 28·19. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light! Send the
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, "Send the light! Send the
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light! Send the

Send the light!

light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Send the
light!" And a gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay, Send the
light!" And a Christ-like spir-it ev'rywhere be found, Send the
light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove, Send the

Send the light!

CHORUS.

light! Send the light! Send the light, the bless-ed
Send the light, Send the light, Send the light, the

gos-pel light, Let it shine....from shore to shore!..... Send the
bless-ed gos-pel light, let it shine, from shore to shore!

light! and let its radiant beams Light the world for-ev-er-more ...
Send the light! and let its radiant beams Light the world forevermore.

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No. 86. What Shall I Do With Jesus?

Rev. G. H. Broening. Matt. 27: 22. Geo. T. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus stood be - fore the Rul - er, Suff-'ring in the sin-ner's stead;
2. To the cru - el taunts and mockings, Je - sus an-swered not a word;
3. Now the bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it Puts the ques - tion to us all,
4. May we, find - ing in the Sav - ior Heav'nly gain for earth-ly loss,

Pil - ate, wav-'ring still, and anx - ious, Vain-'ly with the peo - ple plead.
Then a - bove the nois - y out - cry, Was the sol-emn ques-tion heard.
Pa - tient-ly a - waits an an - swer, Hear ye not the ur - gent call?
Flee-ing to his love un-bound-ed, Solve the ques-tion, at his cross.

Chorus.

What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do with Je - sus?
What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do with Je - sus?
What will you do? What will you do? What will you do with Je - sus?
This will I do! This will I do! This will I do with Je - sus?

What shall I do with Jesus called the Christ? What shall I do with Je - sus?
What shall I do with Jesus called the Christ? What shall I do with Je - sus?
What will you do with Jesus called the Christ? What will you do with Je - sus?
This will I do with Jesus called the Christ? I'll take him for my Sav - ior.

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No. 87. *Papa, Be a Christian.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Acts 26 : 28. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Slow and expressive.

1. My lit-tle one, dressed in snowy white, As she kissed me, said, "Dear papa, good-night," Then she clasped my neck, by her arms, so tight, Say-ing, "Pa-pa, be a
2. I knew that I stood on ru-in's brink, Was a slave to sin, enchained by strong drink; But my child's sweet words made me stop and think, "Dear Papa, be a
3. O Father in Heav'n, forgive, I cried; And my pray'r was heard, in love he re-plied, "I have giv'n my Son, who for thee hath died; Though thy sins be as
4. No more do I hear the sweet "good-night," For my child's in Heav'n ar-rayed in pure white; And she waits for me in those realms of light Till I meet her, my

Chorus.

Christian, for your lit - tle girl's sake."
Christian, for your lit - tle girl's sake."
scar-let, they shall be white as snow."
loved one, safe in heav - en, so bright.
} For the lov-ing one's sake, For the hearts that nigh break, O wand'rer, thy fol - ly for - sake; God is wait-ing to hear, and to answer the pray'r, "Lord save me, O save me, for the dear Jesus' sake."

Ad lib. *Rit.*

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*A gentleman, converted in my services told me when he was going out from the house that night, his little girl, in her night dress, ran to kiss him good-bye, and placing her arms around his neck said, "*Papa, be a Christian for your little girl's sake.*" G. W. D.

No. 88. The Good Old Way.

Anon. Acts 2: 38. T. E. Jones.

Last verse by Rev. F. G. Tyrrell.

1. In - quir - ing souls who long to find Par - don of sin and peace of mind, At - tend the voice of God to - day, Who bids you seek the good old way.

2. The right - eous-ness, th' a - ton - ing blood Of Je - sus is the way to God, O may you then no long - er stray, But walk in Christ the good old way. Th'a - pos - tles and our fa - thers too, Pur - sued this way while here be - low; Then let not fears your souls dis - may, But come to Christ, the good old way.

Chorus.

Copyright, 1899, by T. E. Jones.

Last verse and music.

No. 89. Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. Hewitt. Psalm 32: 8. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! he's calling you to-day, Follow where his voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where his voice is guiding,
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guiding,

Look for his footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Seeking his Spir-it, your daily strength renew, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Un - der his ban-ner in loy-al - ty a-bide, Follow where his voice is guiding.

He.... who lives for - ev - er - more, Trod this earth-ly path be - fore,
Press - ing on-ward, glad and free, Sweet - er will his serv-ice be,
Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheer-y song;

Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - er his re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon we'll lay the bur-dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

Chorus.

Follow, fol - low, where his voice is guiding, Follow, fol - low where his voice is
Fol - low where his voice is guid - ing, Fol - low where his voice is

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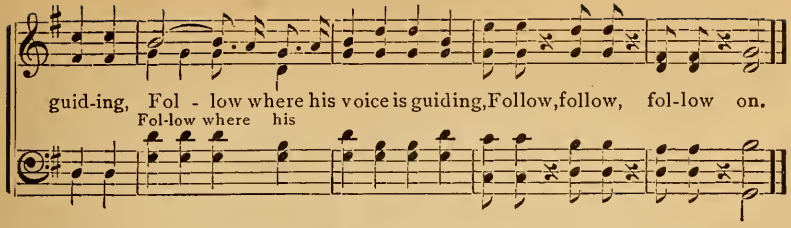
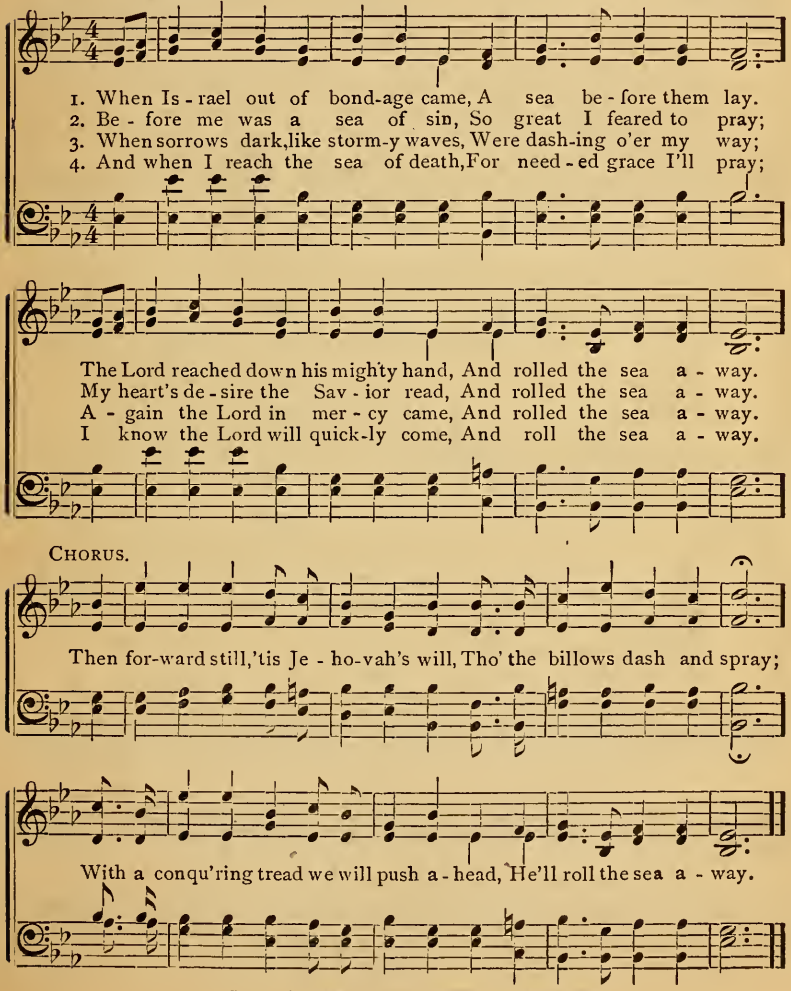
Where His Voice is Guiding.



No. 90. He Rolled the Sea Away.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.



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No. 91. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. Mark 5:19. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best, Seem

Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long-ings As noth-ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee.
va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill

be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and his love.

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No. 92. Beautiful City of Peace.

JENNIE WILSON. Rev. 21:10. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit-y be-yond the tide, Bless-ed a-bode of the
2. Beau-ti-ful cit-y, by faith I see Glis-ten-ing por-tals a-
3. Beau-ti-ful cit-y, thy tran-quil stream Ev-er shall glide on with
4. Beau-ti-ful cit-y, where shines God's throne, There I shall know as I

glo-ri-fied, Though in time's val-ley a-while I roam, Beau-ti-ful
jar for me, Gem-garnished walls and bright streets of gold Beckon me
crystal gleam, While on its mar-gin with Spir-its blest, Af-ter life's
now am known, When with the fol-low-ers of the Lamb, Glad-ly I

CHORUS.

cit-y, thou art my home.
homeward to bliss un-told.
jour-ney my soul finds rest.
sing their tri-umph-al psalm.

Beau - ti-ful cit-y of peace,
Beautiful, beau-ti-ful

Cit - - y where sor-row shall cease, There I shall
Beau-ti-ful cit-y where

dwell when time's pathway is trod, Safe with my Savior, at home with God.

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No. 93. Look Beyond.

E. E. Hewitt. John 14: 3. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When the clouds are hang-ing low, Look be-yond, look be - yond; Soon the
2. When the bro - ken cis-terns fail, Look be-yond, look be - yond; Liv - ing
3. When the road is rough and wild, Look be-yond, look be - yond; God is

skies will o - ver-flow With the sunlight's cheer-y glow, Look be - yond,
fountains gladly hail, Sparkling springs in Ba - ca's vale, Look be - yond,
watching o'er his child, Mer - cy on thy pathway smiled, Look be - yond,

look be-yond. Hope is sing - ing her re - frain, Joy will come to you a-
look be-yond. Riv - ers of sal - va-tion pour From the Ev - er - last - ing
look be-yond. When the Pear-ly Gates un - fold, Thou shalt tread the streets of

Rit.

gain, Clear-est shin-ing af - ter rain, Look be-yond, O look be-yond.
Shore, Free-ly drink, and thirst no more, Look be-yond, O look be-yond.
gold, Ma - ny mansions there be - hold, Look be-yond, O look be-yond.

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No. 94. Trusting Only Thee.

Psalm 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. T. E. JONES.

1. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly thee!
2. I am trust - ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust - ing thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
4. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Words which thou thy - self shalt give me, Must pre - vail.
I am trust - ing thee for - ev - er, And for all.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, Trust - ing on - ly thee!
I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing,

Trust - ing, trust - ing, On - ly trust - ing thee.
I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing

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No. 95.

At the Cross.

Isa. 45: 22.

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a - way, I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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No. 96. In the Shelter of His Breast.

Dedicated to my Friend, Mrs. Lizzie Card.

Psalm 61 : 3.

ADA BLENKHORN. T. E. JONES.

1. Christ is call - ing thee to seek him, Doubting soul by sin op-pressed;
2. In this safe and qui - et ha - ven, Nothing shall thy peace mo-lest;
3. Seek him with an earn-est pur - pose, What to give he know-eth best;
4. Seek, and thou wilt sure - ly find him, Light and life and per - fect rest;

List - en to his gen - tle plead - ing, Seek the shel - ter of his breast.
Storms may rage but can - not reach thee In the shel - ter of his breast.
No good thing will he re - fuse thee, In the shel - ter of his breast.
All the full-ness of his bless - ing In the shel - ter of his breast.

CHORUS.

Here no e - vil shall be - fall thee, No temp - ta-tion shall en-thrall thee,

And no ter - ror shall ap - pall thee, In the shel - ter of his breast.

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No. 97. Perfect Trust in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 62:8. ALVIN S. CLARK.

1. I ask O Lord,..... that thou wilt lead..... My err-ing
2. I do not ask..... a cloud-less sky,..... Nor yet a
3. I would not seek..... in i-dle mirth, ... To still one
4. O clothe me in..... thy righteousness,..... Hold thou my

I ask O Lord, that thou will lead,

steps a-right,..... I ask for grace..... that I may
path of rest,.....But strength to climb..... the rug-ged
throb of care,.....For what are all..... the joys of
hand in thine,.....And teach my heart..... in faith to

my err-ing steps, my erring steps a-right, I ask for grace.

walk..... By faith..... and not by sight.....
steep..... Thy wea - ry feet have pressed.....
earth,..... With-out..... thy pres-ence there?.....
say,..... Thy will,..... O Lord, not mine .....

that I may walk, By faith, and not by sight, By faith and not by sight.

CHORUS.

O let the language of my heart, In each pe-ti-tion be...."Take what thou

wilt,..... but grant me this,..... A per-fect trust in thee."

"Take what thou wilt, but grant me this,

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No. 98. The Scarlet Thread.

Josh. 2: 18.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Dr. Frank A. Robertson.

1. A won-der-ful, wonderful gos - pel With-in the blest Bible is told,
2. Proclaim the good news of sal-va - tion, Of Je - sus our Savior and King,
3. With gladness repeat the old sto - ry Of Je - sus wherever you go,

A gos - pel of love and of mer - cy, More precious than sil-ver or gold;
Who came to the world to re-deem us, Un-speak-a - ble glo- ries to bring;
'Tis fraught with a ra - di - ant glo - ry, That brightens the pathway of woe;

'Tis need - ed in time of temp -ta- tion, 'Tis need- ed in sor-row and sin,
Let sin-ners be told of his kingdom, In-vite them to en - ter there-in,
O haste with the wonderful tid - ings, Of all that my Savior hath been,

f. *rit.* *Fine.*

'Tis the scarlet thread bound in the window, Where the dear ones may all gather in.
Keep the scarlet thread bound in the window, Till the dear ones are all gather'd in.
And keep the bright thread in the window, Till the precious ones all gather in.

D.S.–Is the scarlet thread bound in the window, Are the precious ones all gather'd in?

Chorus. *D. S.*

Are the precious ones all gather'd in? All gathered in-to the fold?
all gathered in?

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No. 99. Stepping-Stones to Jesus.

I Pet. 2: 21.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

1. Stepping-stones to Je - sus, All our joys may be, Used with glad thanksgiving
2. Stepping-stones to Je - sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit - tle tri - als,
3. Stepping-stones to Je - sus, All the pure de-light In his works of beau - ty,
4. Stepping-stones to Je-sus, Blessed means of grace; Prayer and sweet communion

For his love so free; Ma-ny, many blessings In our pathway fall, Stepping-stones to
Which we daily meet; Ev'ry need that presses, Ev'ry vexing care, Ev-'ry dis-ap-
All things fair and bright; Ev'ry sweet affection, Tender human love, Bro't in conse-
In the sa-cred place; Ev'ry self-de-ni- al For the Master's cause, Each renewed o-

Chorus.

Je-sus We may find them all.
pointment Ev-'ry cross we bear.
cration To the Friend a- bove.
beying Of his ho - ly laws.
} Looking for the stepping-stones Placed along life's way;

Looking for the stepping-stones, We fin l them ev'ry day; Stepping-stones to Je-sus,

p *poco rit.* *ad lib.*

Stepping-stones to Jesus, Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day.

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No. 100. Trusting and Happy.

E. E. Hewitt. Psalm 144: 15. Chas. Bentley.

1. I'm trusting in Je-sus, I'm hap-py in him, His won-der-ful love fills my
2. I'm trusting in Je-sus, and why should I not? The least of his chil-dren he
3. I'm trusting in Je-sus, in sun-light and shade, And ev-'ry sweet promise he
4. I'm trusting in Je-sus, no ref-uge is mine But that which I find in my

cup to the brim; O may it run o-ver, that oth-ers may know What
nev-er for-got; He knows all my needs, and my heart un-der-stands; He
faith-ful-ly made; His word, like an anch-or holds fast in the storm, For
Sav-ior di-vine; I take his sal-va-tion, a-bound-ing and free, And

Chorus.

full-ness of bless-ing is his to be-stow.
car-ries my name on the palms of his hands.
what he has prom-ised he'll al-so per-form.
O may his Spir-it a-bide now with me.

I'm trusting in Je-sus, I'm

hap-py to-day, My Sav-ior has tak-en my sins all a-way; I'm trusting in

Je-sus, I'm hap-py in him, His won-der-ful love fills my cup to the brim.

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No. 101. On to Victory!

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D.

I Cor. 15: 57.

J. W. V. SOLO OR DUET. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win;
2. There are hosts of sin - be - fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea;
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev - 'ry-where;

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin,
There are ma - ny still in bond - age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care;

Let us en - ter in the strug - gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with-in the fray,
Fall in line, pre-pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On... to vic-to - ry! On... to vic - to - ry! on... to vic-to - ry! the

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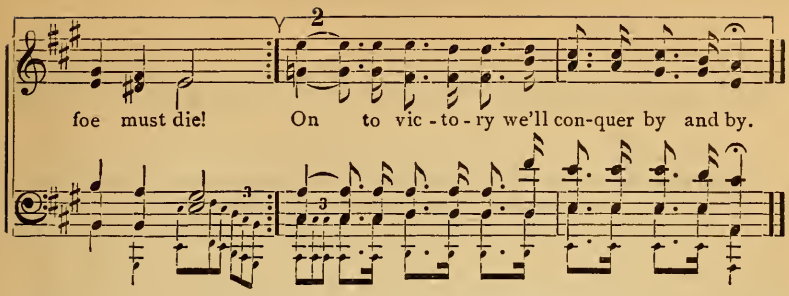
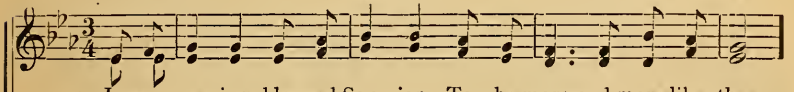
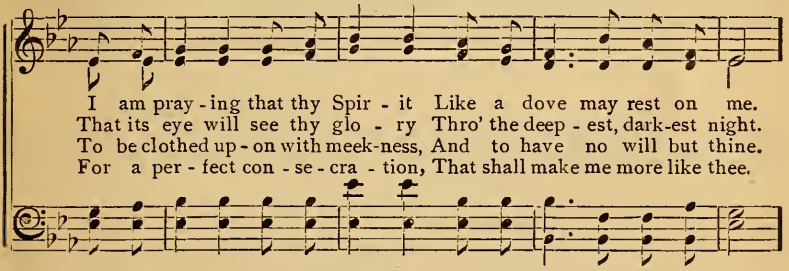
On to Victory.



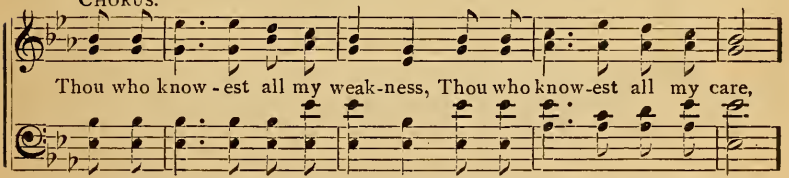
No. 102. Hear and Answer Prayer.

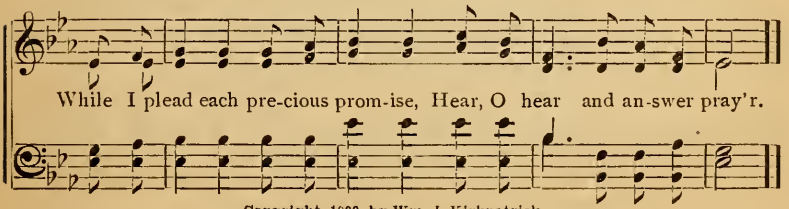
FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 143 : 1. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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No. 103. Welcome, Easter Morning.

Rev. John O. Foster. Matt. 28: 6. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Welcome, Easter morning, With thy bright display, "Christ the Lord is risen,"
2. Welcome, King e - ter - nal, To this heart of mine, Let thy brightest glo-ry,
3. Thou art our Re-deem-er, Savior, Brother, Friend, Life and strength forever,
4. Source of all per - fec - tion, Cen-ter of the spheres, Age to thee is noth - ing

Men and an-gels say; Nev - er more shall Sa - tan, Hold with might-y hand,
Ev - er in me shine; Break the realm of darkness, Let that king-dom fall,
A - ges without end; Morn-ing full of glad-ness, Day-star from a - bove,
Endless are thy years; Crys-tal light thy dwelling, Ho - li - ness thy throne,

Chorus.

Death and doubt and ter-ror, O - ver all the land.
Righteousness shall conquer, Vic-to - ry for all.
O - pen liv-ing fount-ain, Ev - er-last-ing love.
Circ-led 'round with angels, Glo-ries all unknown.
} Welcome, Easter morn-ing,

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Christ, the Lord is ris - en, Glo - ry to our King.

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No. 104. Blessed Hiding.

Psalm 91: 1.

IDA L. REED. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In the shad-ow of thy wings, dearest Sav-ior, Shall the wea-ry and the
2. In the shad-ow of thy wings, dearest Sav-ior, There's a peaceful rest so
3. There is rest, yes, sweetest rest, dearest Sav-ior, 'Neath the shadow of thy
4. In the shad-ow of thy wings, dearest Sav-ior, With the sorrows of our

weak find rest; While the waves are dashing high we are hid - ing In the
calm and sweet; There is rest for all the weary and the way-worn, In thy
wings for all; There is room for each and all of thy chil - dren Who will
earth - life o'er; We shall rest with thee, O Lord, then for - ev - er, And we'll

CHORUS.

shel-ter of thy love so blest.
love there is a joy com-plete.
list - en to thy lov-ing call.
meet the lov'd ones gone be-fore.

Hid - ing, blessed hid - ing,
Hiding, blessed hiding, In the shelter of thy love,

In the shel-ter of thy love so blest; Hid - ing, we are
Hid - ing, we are hid - ing, While the

hid - - ing, While the waves are dash-ing high we have rest.
waves are dash - ing high,

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No. 105. It Was Spoken for the Master.

FANNY J. CROSBY. II Tim. 2: 24, 25. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing-ly it fell!
2. O, we know not when we scat-ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
3. When our bus-y toil is o-ver, From the vine-yard when we go,

It was ut-tered in a whisp-er, Who had breathed it none could tell.
But we work and trust in Je-sus, For he watch-eth o-ver all.
We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.

It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-flic-tion, it may be.
We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

But the chords that long have slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
But the fruits of earn-est la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
But the Lord him-self will tell us Why he placed the jew-els there.

CHORUS.

Gen-tle words of pa-tient kindness, Tho' un-heed-ed oft they seem,

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It Was Spoken for the Master.

Ad lib.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

No. 106. Twilight Shadows.

Psalm 17: 8.

BIRDIE BELL. DUET OR QUARTET. J. S. FEARIS.

1. Twilight shad - ows gather 'round us, Sun-set splen - dors fade a - way,
2. Earth is hushed in gen-tle slum-ber, Breezes chant her lull-a - by;
3. When life's twi-light shadows lengthen, Take us home to thee, we pray,

Twilight shadows gather 'round us, Sun-set splendors fade a-way,

And the murm -'ring breezes whis-per Farewell to the dy-ing day.
While we lift our hearts in worship, Prais-ing thee, enthroned on high.
Where no night shades ev -er gath- er, Home to one long endless day.

And the murm'ring breezes whisper, Farewell to the dy - ing day.

CHORUS.

Twilight shad - ows soft-ly gath - er, And we turn our hearts to thee,

Twilight shadows softly gath - er, And we turn our hearts to thee,

Rit.

O ac-cept the praise we of - fer! Father, heark - en to our plea.

O ac-cept the praise we of - fer! Fa-ther, hearken to our plea.

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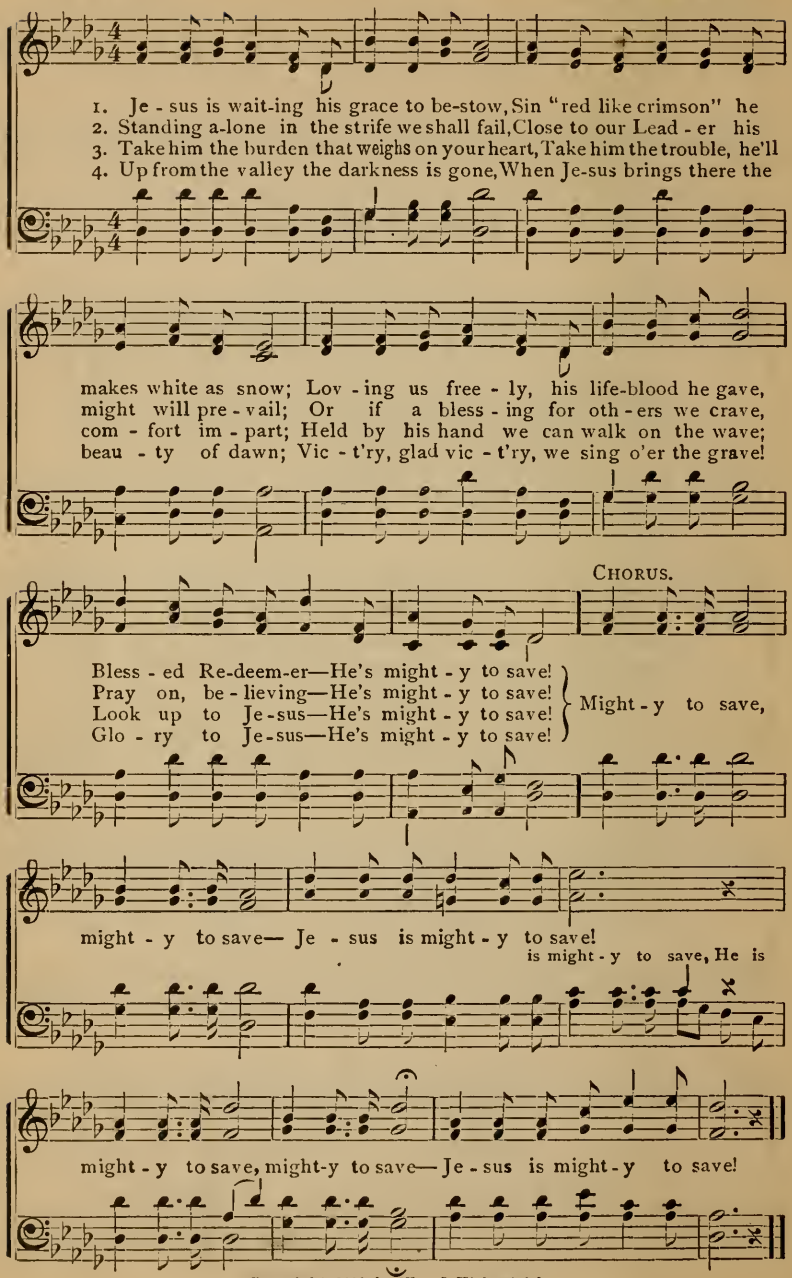
No. 107. He's Mighty to Save?

E. E. Hewitt. Isa. 63: 1. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



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No. 108. Christ has Come to Live With Me.

C. J. B. John 15: 4. Chas. J. Butler.

1. O Christ has come to live with me, O bless his precious name; And to my soul brought lib-er-ty, O bless his precious name; What condescension on his part, To come and live in my poor heart, And joy supreme to me im-part, O bless his precious name.

2. He's come my constant Guest to be, O bless his precious name; A-bove all oth - er friends is he, O bless his precious name; Earth's potentates can ne'er compare, To Christ, the Fairest of the Fair, And yet for me he deigns to care, O bless his precious name.

3. If true to him with me he'll stay, O bless his precious name; And guide me till life's clos-ing day, O bless his precious name; And 'mid the shades of death's dark night With him naught shall my soul affright, He'll lead me to the land of light, O bless his precious name.

Chorus.

Yes, Christ has come to live with me, His glorious presence makes me free; My sin and guilt are wash'd away, I've heav'n within my soul to-day.

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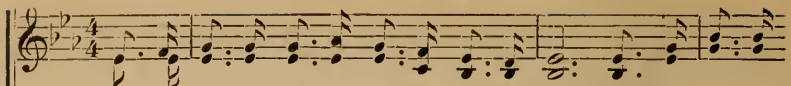
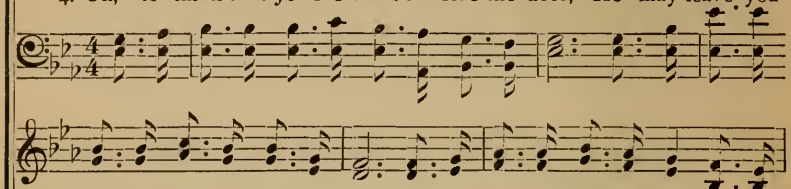
No. 109. The Bolted Door.

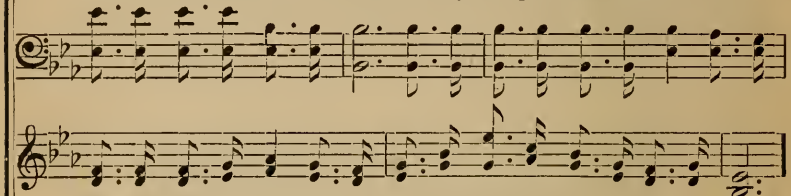
Rev. John Parker. Rev. 3: 20. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



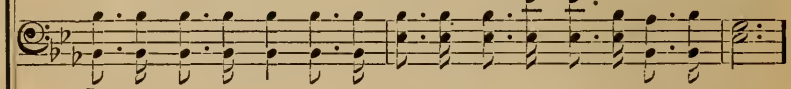
1. Do you know the bless-ed Sav - ior's at the door? That he lin - gers
2. Do not keep him lon-ger wait - ing at the door, Hear him knocking,
3. Will you close your heart a-gainst him at the door? Will he not be
4. Oh, to think that Je - sus waits out-side the door, He may leave you



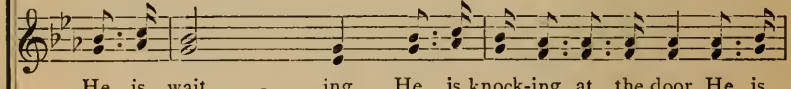
there to bless you more and more? Will you not in - vite him in, And his
call - lng loud - er than be - fore. Bid him wel-come now with-in, Turn a-
all you need for - ev - er - more? He will take a-way your pride, Be your
to re - turn, no, nev - er - more. Leave you hopeless and a - lone, With a



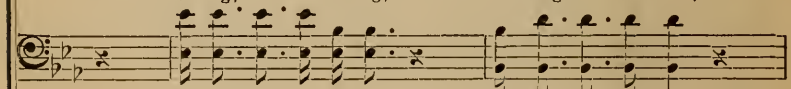
fel - low-ship be - gin, He is wait-ing, knocking, call-ing at the door.
way from ev - 'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er - more.
nev - er fail - ing guide, To the mansions where the blessed ones a - dore.
heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear him now and o - pen wide the door.



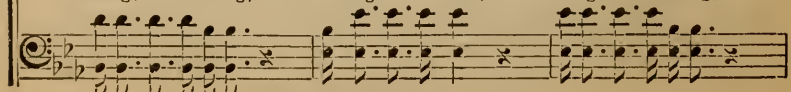
Chorus.



He is wait - ing, He is knock-ing at the door, He is
Wait-ing, he is wait-ing, Knocking at the door,



wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - ing, He is
Waiting, he is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, he is waiting,



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The Bolted Door.

rit.

knocking at the door, He is waiting, He is knocking at the door.
He is knocking at the door.

No. 110. Come Home.

W. F. Cosner. Luke 15: 18. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. The Sav - ior in-vites you, poor wand'rer, to come, The Fa - ther is
2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draw-eth nigh, Say, why will you
4. Come home, trembling mourner, O, come and be blest, Here lay down your

wait - ing to wel - come you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
per - ish when plen - ty is near? O, leave the lone des - ert where
lin - ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un - wor - thy, with
bur - dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone - ly and wild; Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
shad-ows are piled; Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
sin all de - filed; The Fa - ther will wel - come his prod - i - gal child!
God rec - on - ciled; Re-turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!

Chorus. *Repeat Chorus pp.*

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Come home, come home,

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No. 111. O Blessed Hope.

I John 3: 2.

E. E. Hewitt. Solo, Duet or Quartet. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless - ed hope so dear, so bright, It cheers the watches of the night;
2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Sav-ior's face;
3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like brŏken dreams, shall pass away;
4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime,

It wakes a song with-in the soul, Till heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs roll.
He'll own me ev - er-more as his, And I shall see him as he is.
His spot - less beau-ty I shall wear, His per - fect joy and glo - ry share.
The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him re - joice!

Chorus.

Be-lov - ed, be - lov - ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not

yet ap - pear what we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear,

we know

We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be

we know

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O Blessed Hope.

Poco rit. *A tempo.*

like him; For we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is; We

know . . . that when he shall appear, We know . . that when he shall appear,

we know we know

We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is.

No. 112. Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD. Alt. G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 113. Light of Life.

Dedicated to my teacher, Prof. W. C. Coffin,

HORATIUS BONAR. Psalm 36: 9. T. E. JONES.

May be sung as a Duet.

1. Light of Life, so soft-ly shin-ing From the cross of Cal-va-ry;
2. Light of Life, that knows no fad-ing, From all chang-es thou art free;
3. Light of Life, that knows no set-ting, Day and night Thy beams we see;
4. Light of Life, in days of glad-ness, To Thy ra-diance we would flee;

Nev-er wan-ing, nor de-clin-ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Ho-ly Light, that knows no shad-ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Joy and peace in us be-get-ting, Shine on me, O shine on me.
Be our strength in days of sad-ness, Shine on me, O shine on me.

CHORUS.

Shine on me,..... O shine on me,.....
O shine on me, O shine on me,

Light of Life..... O shine on me,.....
O Light of life, O shine on me,

With the Love,..... of Je-sus beam-ing, Shine on
With the Love,

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Light of Life.

Rit.

me, ... O shine on me.....

O shine on me, O shine on me.

No 114. In Perfect Peace.

Isa. 26: 3.

E. E. Hewitt. Clarissa H. Spencer.

1. Tho' passing clouds will oft-en rise To veil the beau-ty of the skies,
2. O wondrous cross to which I flee! There from my bur-dens I am free;
3. Since on my soul the Lord hath smiled, Thro' saving mer-cy rec-on-ciled,
4. Then let my mind on him bestayed, My rock, my "ver-y pres-ent" aid;

From doubt and fear, I find re-lease, When Je-sus gives me per-fect peace.
O precious blood that brings me nigh! My Fa-ther will my need sup-ply.
My ma-ny sins he takes a-way, And leads me in his ho-ly way.
I know his voice, I hear his call, I'll fol-low him whate'er be-fall.

Chorus.

In per-fect peace, in per-fect peace; The winds will die, the storms will cease;

The shining lights still more in-crease, While Je-sus gives me per-fect peace.

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No. 115. O the Love that Sought Me.

Luke 18: 10.

W. Spencer Walton. H. L. Gilmour.

1. In ten-der-ness he sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin, And on his
2. He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whispered
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me his blood was shed; A mocking
4. I'm sit-ting in his pres-ence, The sunshine of his face, While with a-
5. So while the hours are pass-ing, All now is per-fect rest; I'm wait-ing

shoulders brought me Back to his fold a-gain; While an-gels in his
to as-sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine;" I nev-er heard a
crown so thorn-y Was placed up-on his head; I won-der what he
dor-ing won-der His bless-ings I re-trace; It seems as if e-
for the morn-ing, The brightest and the best; When he will call us

Chorus.

pres-ence sang, Un-til the courts of heav-en rang.
sweet-er voice, It made my ach-ing heart re-joice.
saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag-o-ny.
ter-nal days Are far too short to sound his praise.
to his side, To be with him, his spotless bride.
} O the love that sought me!

Ritard.

O the blood that bought me! O the grace that brought me To the Savior's fold!

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No. 116. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

Isaiah. 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p Rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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No. 117. Anywhere, if Forward.

E. E. Hewitt. I Thess. 5: 8. Chas. Bentley.

1. A - ny-where, if for-ward, in the King's high-way, To the prize be-
2. A - ny-where, if for-ward, let the moments bring Av - e - nues of
3. A - ny-where, if for-ward, step by step we'll go, Where his Word and

fore us near - er ev - 'ry day; Learn-ing more of Je - sus and his
serv-ice for our bless-ed King; Work for him is pre-cious toil - ing
Spir - it shall the path-way show, For-ward in his serv-ice, in the

Fine.

ho - ly will, Nev - er turn-ing back-ward, nev - er stand - ing still.
in his might, For his yoke is eas - y and his bur - den light.
life of rest, Spreading wide his king - dom, use - ful, glad and blest.

D. S.—A - ny-where, if for - ward, in the King's high-way.

Chorus.

A - ny-where, if for-ward—Forward is the word! Have you not the

D. S.

Captain's or - ders heard? Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us on, we pray.

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No. 118. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. Hewitt. Prov. 23:26. A. F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a-bove, No gift so pre-cious to him as our love; Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-ior of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part,

Chorus.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart,"
Make full sur-ren-der, and give me thy heart."
"Give me thy heart,

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

Rit.

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No. 119. Jesus Lives.

Rev. 1: 18.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once he died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords. Je-sus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you older grow, Ral-ly now and
Wait not, Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
sing,
Je-sus.

From "The Search Light." Used by permission.

Chorus may repeat pp.

f Rit.

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, *Je - sus lives!*

No. 120. Blessed be the Name.

Psalm 103 : 1.

W. H. Clark. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
4. Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Of all earth's kingdoms Con-quer-or Whose reign shall never cease.
Thou hast de-vised sal - va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

Chorus.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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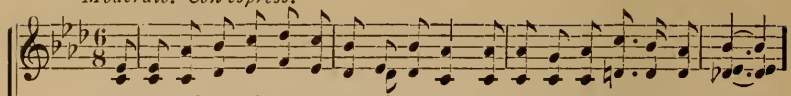
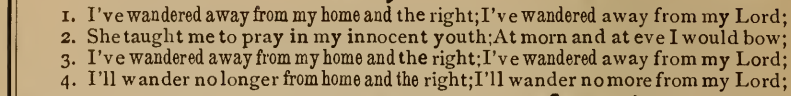
No. 121. My Mother's God.

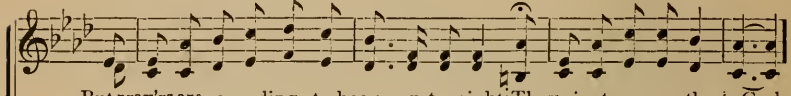
Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Isa. 66: 13. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato. Con espress.

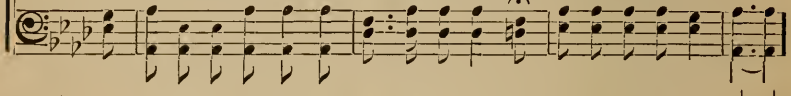


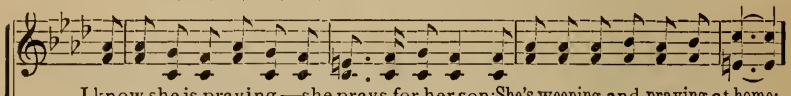
1. I've wandered away from my home and the right; I've wandered away from my Lord;
2. She taught me to pray in my innocent youth; At morn and at eve I would bow;
3. I've wandered away from my home and the right; I've wandered away from my Lord;
4. I'll wander no longer from home and the right; I'll wander no more from my Lord;



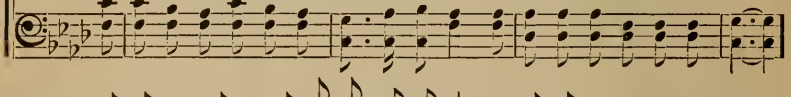


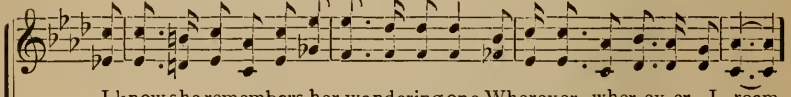
But pray'rs are ascending to heav - en to-night; They rise to my mother's God.
She taught me to walk in the path-way of truth, O where am I walking now?
I long for the sight of home fac - es to-night; I long for my mother's God.
My pray'rs are ascending to heav-en to-night; They rise to my mother's God.



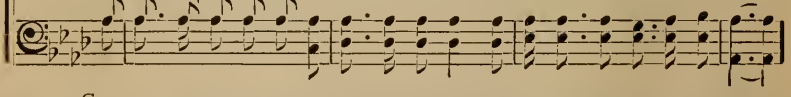


I know she is praying—she prays for her son; She's weeping and praying at home;
How peaceful and bright were my earliest days, At home with my mother so dear;
I'll go to my Fa-ther in heav - en and say, "O Father! I'm lost and undone;
My Father has welcomed the wand'rer, and said, (While his arms were enfolding me round,)

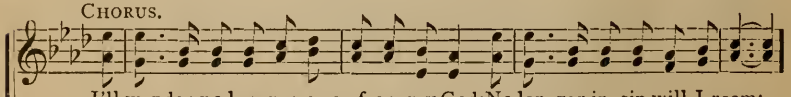




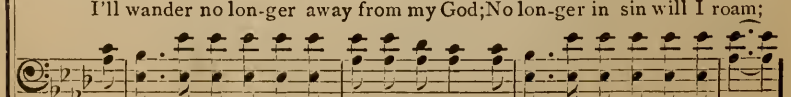
I know she remembers her wandering one Wherever, wher-ev-er I roam.
I grieve as I think of her fond, loving ways, I'm weeping, yes, many a tear.
Give me but the place of a servant, I pray, Not worthy am I for thy son."
"Bring forth the best robe, and the feast shall be spread, Rejoice! for the lost one is found."



Chorus.



I'll wander no lon-ger away from my God; No lon-ger in sin will I roam;



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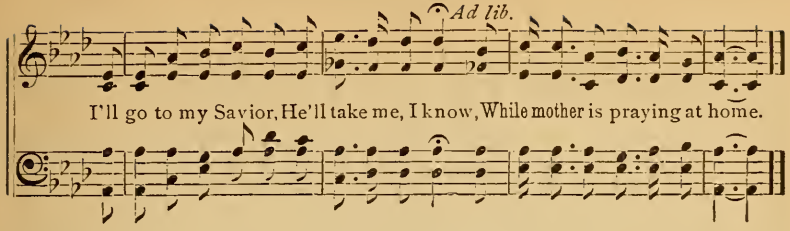
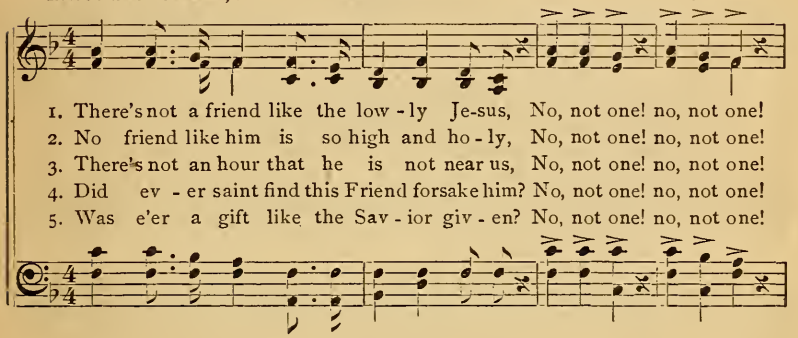
My Mother's God.

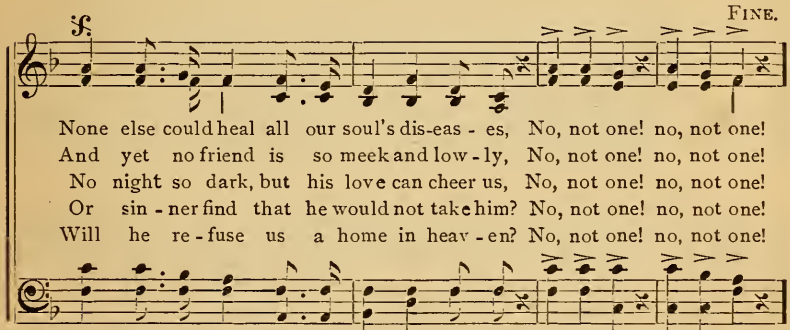


No. 122. No, Not One!

Prov. 18: 24.

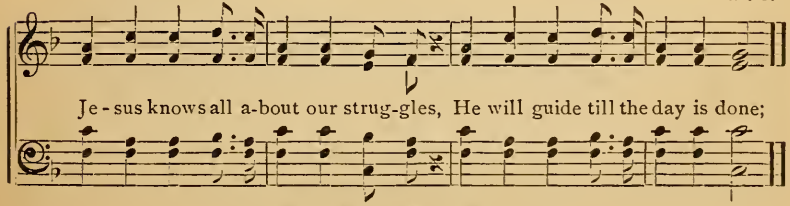
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.





D. S.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

Chorus. *D. S.*



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No. 123. Christ is All.

Col. 3: 11.

W. A. Williams.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head,
3. There was a mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. Then come to Christ, O, come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it say;

Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
Wait-ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
The bride re-peats the call, For he will cleanse your guilt-y stain,

Her help-less wid - ow-hood's de-fence, She told me "Christ was all;"
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all;"
He looked tri-umph-ant-ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
His blood will make you whole a-gain, For "Christ is all in all."

Chorus.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

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No. 124. Countless Are His Mercies!

Psalm 106: 1.

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Count-less are his mer-cies, None can num-ber them, Crowning us with glo - ry Like a di - a - dem; Hearts a-glow with rap - ture Bless his ho - ly name, Earth's un-count-ed chil - dren Spread a-broad his fame.

2. Count-less are his mer-cies, New each com-ing morn, Gems of peer-less lus - tre All our lives a - dorn; Peace and hope and glad-ness, Guidance day by day, Gold-en gifts as wel - come As the sun's clear ray.

3. Count-less are his mer-cies, Like the silv'ry sands, Boons of love so ten - der Fall - ing from his hands; Grate-ful-ly we praise him, Joy - ful- ly we sing Strains of sweet thanks-giv - ing To our gracious King.

CHORUS.

Count-less are his mer - cies, Fall - ing like a shower, Thirst - y souls re - fresh - ing, Ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.

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No. 125. The City Beyond.

Mrs. Thomas May Pierce. Rev. 26: 2. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We'll sing of the stat-utes di - vine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we de - spond;
2. How bless-ed as chil-dren and heirs, To en - ter that man-sion a - bove.
3. And whether we bear to that land Heart sorrows or mem - o - ries fond,
4. Be-fore they shall call he will hear, And, ere they cease speaking, re - spond,

But we'll sing the new song Of the an - gel - ic throng When we meet in the
Where the souls of the blest Are for - ev - er at rest, In the bos - om of
Shall their pur-pose be seen, With no shad-ow between, When we meet in the
While the an - gels a - wait, To throw o - pen the gate That leads to the

cit - y be - yond, When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate,
in - fi - nite love! When the ransomed of earth, Having passed thro' the gate,
cit - y be - yond; When the chil-dren of grace, Having passed thro' the gate,
cit - y be - yond; For the num-ber-less host That shall sweep thro' the gate,

Chorus.

Shall meet in the cit - y be - yond.
Shall meet in the cit - y a - bove.
Shall meet in the cit - y be - yond?
That leads to the cit - y be - yond.

When we meet..... in the
When we meet in the cit - y, the

beau - ti - ful cit - y be - yond, We will sing the new song
beau - ti ful cit - y, the beau-ti - ful cit - y be-yond, beyond,

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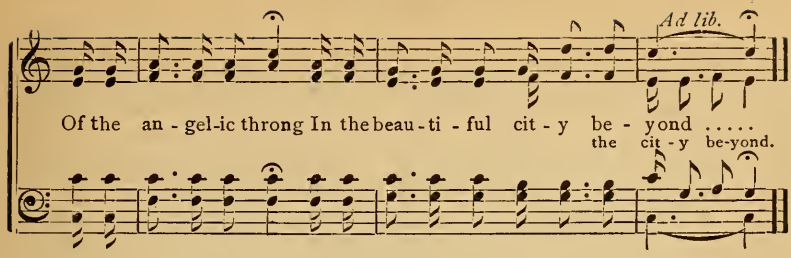
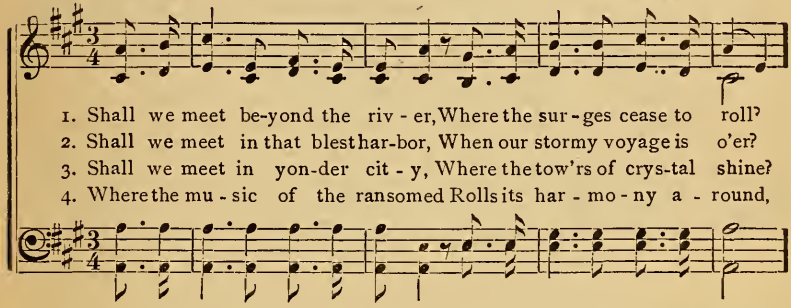
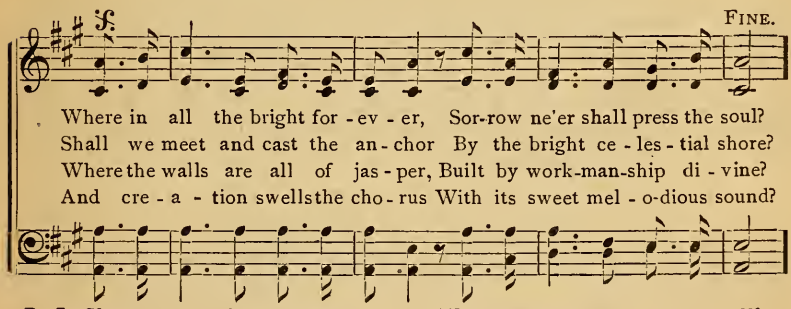
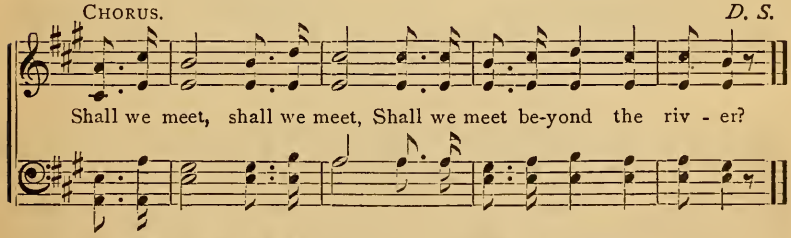


No. 126. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.







5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

No. 127. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Psalm 126: 6.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide,
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev - er weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap - ing,
winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weepings o-ver, he will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

We shall come re - joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

No. 128. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rom 16·20. W. G. Tomer. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Chorus.

Till we meet, ... till me meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet..... till we
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet a - gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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No. 129. The Family Bible.

Dedicated to Dr. J. H. Garrison, St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. P. MORRIS. II Tim. 2: 15. T. E. JONES.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid-den start;
2. Ah! well do I re- mem - ber those Whose names these records bear,
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth- ers, sis - ters dear;
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried;

With fal - t'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart,
Who round the hearthstone used to close Af - ter the ev-'ning pray'r,
How calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who lean'd, God's word to hear,
When all were false, I've found thee true, My coun - sel - or and guide.

For ma - ny gen - e - ra - tions past, Here is our fam - 'ly tree;
And speak of what these pag - es said, In tones my heart would thrill!
Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem-'ries come!
The mines of earth no treas - ure give That could this vol - ume buy;

My moth-er's hands this bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
A - gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the walls of home.
In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

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No. 130. God is Calling.

J. Borthwick. Prov. 1: 24. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
3. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a-wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

Chorus.

God..... is call-ing you,..... God..... is
God is call-ing you, God is call-ing you, God is call-ing me,

call-ing me, ... God is call-ing,
God is call-ing me, God is gen-tly call-ing,

God is call-ing, God is call-ing you and me.....
God is gen-tly call-ing, God is call-ing me.

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No. 131. Speed Away! Speed Away!

Mark 16: 15.

Rev. C. Cooke. I. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! O ye her - alds of light, There are
2. Let the Church to the help of Je - ho - vah draw near—Come with
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way, with the mes - sage from heav'n To all

mill - ions enshrouded in na-ture's dark night, who are will - ing to
love, and with faith, and with fer - vor in pray'r! Let her fling to the
na - tions of men let the ti - dings be giv'n That Mes - si - ah has

hear, and the truth to re-ceive, But know of no Sav - ior on
breeze the pure ban - ner of truth, And en - list in the strug - gle her
triumphed—his foes are all slain, And the earth as an E - den is

whom to believe. O they're dy - ing by thousands in sin ev - 'ry day!
warm-hearted youth; Let the par-ents and chil-dren, and ev - 'ry one say—
blush-ing a - gain! O great Sav - ior, let noth - ing this conquest de - lay!

Rit.

Speed a - way! . . . . . speed a - way! . . . . . speed a - way!
Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a-way!

From "Young People's Hymnal." Used by permission.

No. 132. Pass it On.

Rev. Henry Burton, A. M. II Tim. 4: 2. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav - el down the
sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu - sic live and
grop-ing in the night, Day light gone, Day light gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an - oth-er's tears; Till in heaven the deed ap-pears,
grow, Let it cheer an - oth-er's woe; You have reaped what oth - ers sow,
high, Be a star in some-one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D. S.—Christ, you live a - gain, Live for him, with him you reign.

Fine. Chorus.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful

Pass it on, Pass it on!

D. S.

word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

Pass it on,

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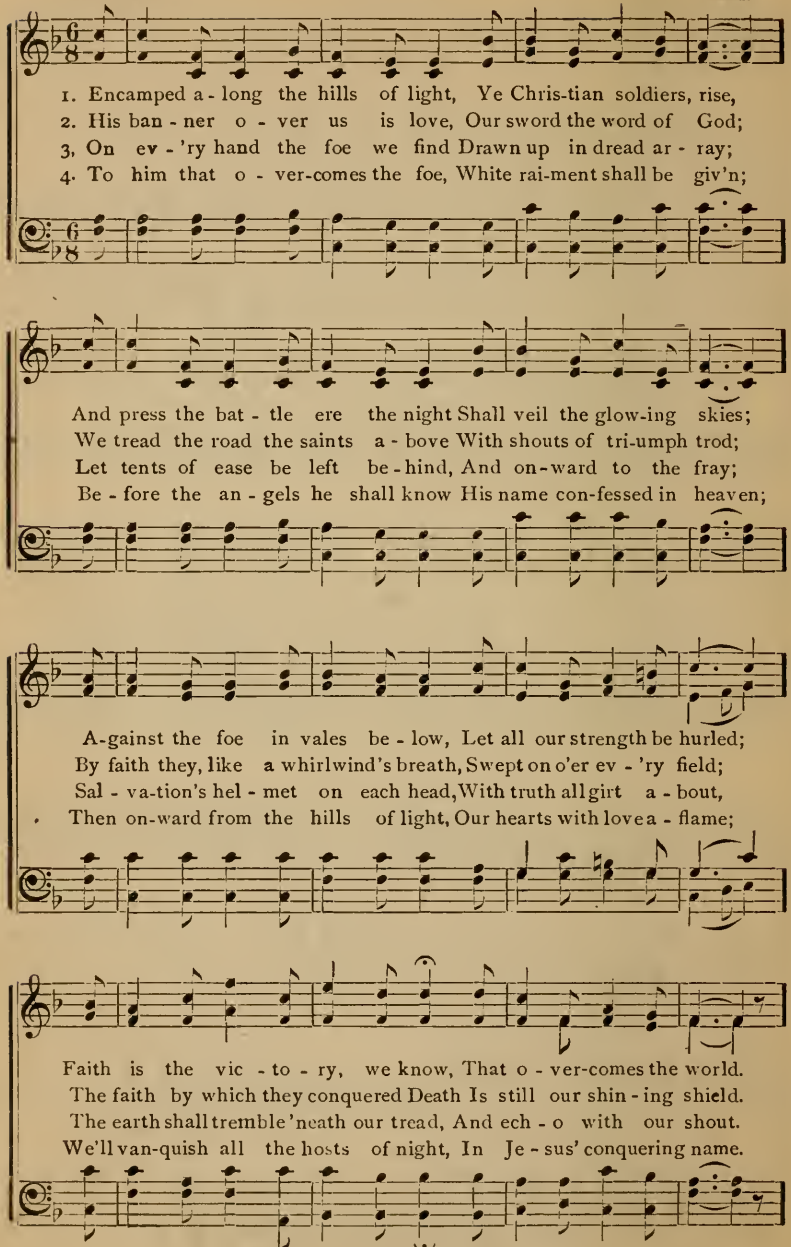
No. 133. Faith is the Victory.

I John 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA. D. SANKEY.



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Faith is the Victory.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

O glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 134. God is Faithful.

E. E. HEWITT. II Thess. 3: 3. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faith-ful, ev - er faith - ful; He will sure - ly keep his word;
2. God is faith-ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust,
3. God is faith-ful; this my ref - uge When the storms of tri - al rise;
4. God is faith-ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

f FINE.

To the ut - ter-most ful - fill - ing Ev - 'ry prom-ise I have heard.
But his Spir - it dwell-ing in me, Wise and ho - ly, kind and just.
Help is com-ing, swift-ly com - ing From the hills be-yond the skies.
Yielding whol-ly to his guid-ance, This is bless - ing, this is life!

D. S.—God is faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful, He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS. D. S.

God is faith - ful, ev - er faith-ful; I will trust him all the way;

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No. 135. Angels, Bear the News to Mother.

DUET OR SOLO, WITH CHORUS.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An-gels, bear the news to moth-er, That I'm com-ing home to-day; Tired of sin and all its pleas-ures, Nev - er-more from love to stray. Tell her that with heart all bro - ken I am at my Fa-ther's door; That my
2. An-gels, bear the news to moth-er, In that land where all is joy; Tell her of the deep con - tri - tion, Of her way-ward wand'ring boy. Tho' her words I oft have slighted, And in sin I loved to roam, I would
3. An-gels, bear the news to moth-er, That I see the love-light now, And my kind and gen - tle Sav - ior 'Prints his mark up - on my brow. Sweet and low he speaks for-giveness, Soothes my soul to qui - et rest, And I
4. An-gels, bear the news to moth-er, Speed a - way on wings of love; Hast - en with the joy - ful ti - dings To that sun - ny land a-bove, Where I know she now is wait-ing, Tell her of the answered pray'r, That some

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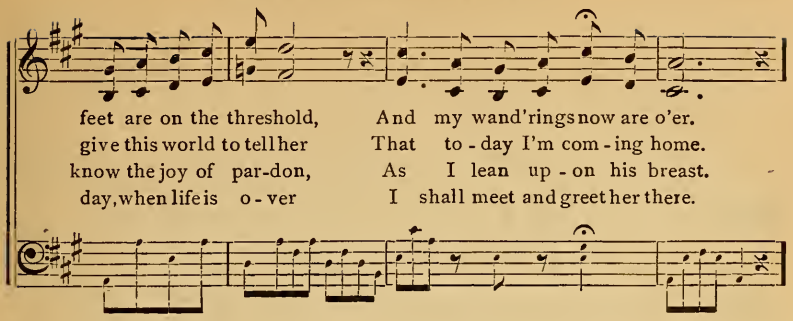
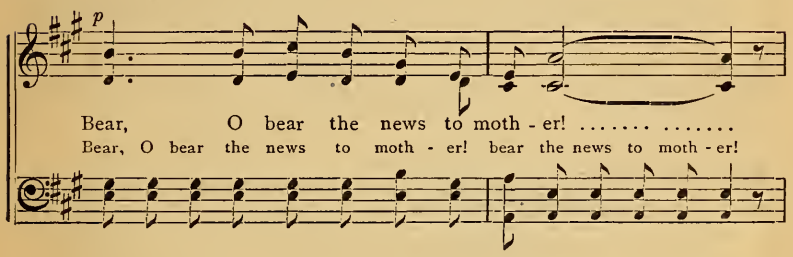
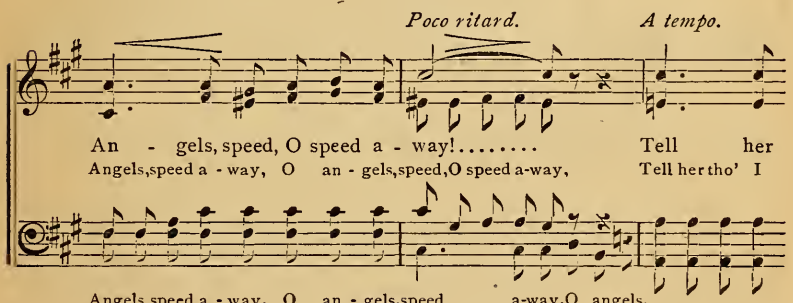
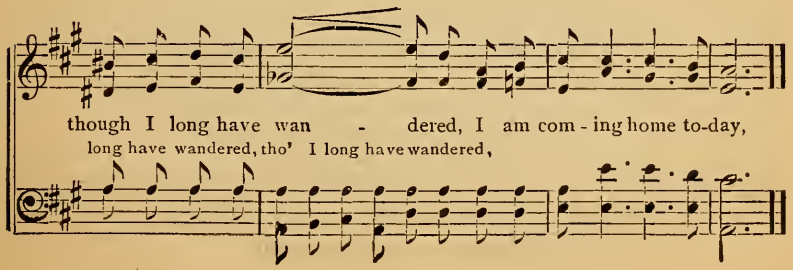
Angels, Bear the News to Mother.



CHORUS.







No. 136. Beautiful Waters of Eden.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Mur-mur-ing soft-ly, car-ol-ing gen-tly, Mu-sic en-chant-ing
2. Si-lent-ly mus-ing, bliss-ful-ly gaz-ing In-to the fu-ture
3. There our Re deem-er, lov-ing Re-deem-er, Gath-ers the faith-ful

com-eth to me; O-ver the wa-ters, beau-ti-ful wa-ters,
teem-ing with light, Sweet-ly the ech-oes float-ing a-round me,
safe on his breast, Out of the chang-ing in-to the changeless,

Where in the home-land soon I shall be, How like a vis-ion ten-der-ly
Whisp-er of E-den love-ly and bright. E-den, where summer, fadeless, e-
Out of the toil-ing in-to the rest. Welcome the moment when to his

steal-ing O-ver my spir-it wea-ry, oppressed; Draw-ing me up-ward,
ter-nal, Scat-ters its ros-es bloom-ing for aye; There is no part-ing,
pres-ence, Joy-ful my spir-it flies like a bird; O what a mor-row,

urg-ing me for-ward, Tell-ing of sun-shine, rap-ture and rest.
there is no weep-ing, Sor-row and sigh-ing van-ish a-way.
O what a meet-ing, Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard,

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Beautiful Waters of Eden.

CHORUS.

Mur-mur-ing soft - ly, car-ol-ing gen - tly, Mu-sic en-
Mur mur-ing soft-ly, car-ol-ing gen-tly,

chant - ing com-eth to me; O-ver the wa - ters, beau-ti-ful
Mu-sic en-chanting O-ver the wa-ters,

wa - ters, Where in the home - land soon I shall be.
beau-ti-ful wa-ters, Where in the home-land,

No. 137. My Savior.

DORA GREENWELL. John 13: 7. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skilled to understand What God hath willed, what God hath planned;
2. I take him at his word in-deed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his throne on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,
4. And O! that he ful-filled may see The trav-ail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

I on-ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-ior!
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-ior!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be-fore I knew my Sav-ior!
And with his work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-ior!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-ior?

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No. 138. Missionary Bells.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, mis-sion - a - ry bells, Peal - ing
2. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the
3. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, ev - 'ry one may share In the

out the news of Je - sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je - sus,
cords of love and faith and praise, Till the chil-dren now in dark-ness,
lov - ing serv-ice of our King; Bring an off-'ring, will-ing off - 'ring,

hap - py mu - sic swells, Tell - ing of our bless - ed Friend a - bove.
hear of God's commands, Learn to fol - low in the Sav - ior's ways.
wrap it up in pray'r; Help the mis-sion - a - ry bells to ring,

Chorus.

Bells! bells! mis-sion - a - ry bells, Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing,

each a sto - ry tells; Sounding loud and free o - ver land and sea,

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Missionary Bells.

Keep them ring - ing, keep them ring - ing, mis - sion - a - ry bells.

No. 139. Gather the Sheaves.

EBEN E. REXFORD. S. W. STRAUB.

1. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, gath - er the sheaves, The Mas - ter is com - ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and i - dle-ness grieves, And hours it has squandered a - way.
2. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, faith - ful to God, Go seek by the way - side and find The wheat that has grain 'mid the bram - bles that nod,— The wheat for the sheaves you would bind.
3. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, loi - ter no more, But think what the Mas - ter would say; Go gath - er the sheaves till the har - vest is o'er; Go work with the reap - ers to - day.

D. S.—soul, if thy hand hath plucked noth - ing but leaves, O what shall the rec - om - pense be!

FINE.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Gath - er, gath - er, gath-er the sheaves, Bound in the harvest by thee; O

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No. 140. Rock of Ages.

A. TOPLADY. Tune, TOPLADY. 7s. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 141. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;

D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D.C.

unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will,
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 142. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. { When Je-sus laid his crown aside, He came to save me;
When on the cross he bled and died, [*Omit*.....] He came to save me.

2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
O, praise his name, I know it well, [*Omit*.....] He came to save me.

Chorus.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
He [*Omit*..] came to save me.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me.
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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No. 143. Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Hap-py

Fine. D. S.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day. }

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of ev'ry good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 144. Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

C. Wesley. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Gen-tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Let me day by day ful - fill All my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's will;
3. O sup-ply my ev - 'ry want; Feed the young and ten - der plant;

Rit.

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Help me, Lord, to come to thee.
Nev-er his good Spir - it grieve; On - ly to his glo - ry live.
Day and night my Keep - er be; Ev - 'ry mo-ment watch round me.

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No. 145. Little Lights are Shining.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Lit - tle lights are shin - ing To the Savior's praise; Lit - tle feet are
2. Shin-ing all for Je - sus, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, When we try to
3. Shin-ing all for Je - sus, As we on - ward go, Lit - tle rays of

marching In his pleas-ant ways.
please him, And his word o - bey.
glad-ness We a - round us throw.

March - ing, march - ing, In his way so bright; Marching, on-ward march-ing, Children of the Light.
Marching, marching, we are marching,

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No. 146. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for him, Well he sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn - ing in the night, In this world is dark - ness, so
knows it if our lights are dim, He looks down from heav - en to
dark - ness in this world are found; Sin, and want, and sor - row; so

we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
see us shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
we may shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.

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No. 147. Jesus, High in Glory.

J. E. CLARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list-'ning ear, When we bow be-
2. Tho' thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Almighty King, Thou wilt stoop to
3. We are lit - tle chil-dren, Weak, and apt to stray; Sav - ior, guide and

fore thee, Children's praises hear.
lis-ten, When thy praise we sing.
keep us In the heav'nly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Savior, Lord, we come."

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No. 148. God Will Take Care of Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. God will take care of me; Here will I rest, Trust - ing his
2. God will take care of me, Hush - ing my fear; When dan - gers
3. God will take care of me, Hold - ing the helm; Storms that may

prom - ise true, Safe on his breast. Changeful may be my lot,
'round I see, His voice I hear; Then let my soul be brave,
sweep the sea Will not o'er-whelm. Soon, ev - 'ry bil - low passed,

His mer - cy changeth not; No child of his for-got, In Je - sus blest.
High tho' the wind and wave, Greater his pow'r to save, Ten-der - ly near.
I shall my anchor cast, Safe, safe at home at last, In joy's bright realm.

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No. 149. Nearer, My God, to Thee. (*Tune above.*)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
||:Nearer, my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
||:Nearer, my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
||:Nearer, my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

No. 150. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Words by J. H. Music arranged for this Work.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav-ior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, find sweet rest;
O look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet,

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;

For his love has been so gra cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his full-ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - 'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

No. 151. All for Jesus. (*Tune above.*)

1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts, and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours,
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.:||

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise,
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.:||

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||

4 O what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings!:||

Mrs Mary D. James.

No. 152. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6. German Melody.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
   On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 153. More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per thy praise, This be the

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More Love to Thee.

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be;

Move love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

No. 154. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren, dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern-ing,
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn-ing.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er!

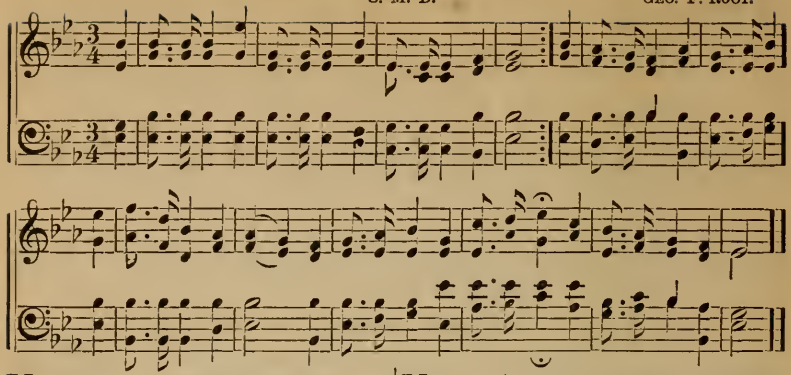
D. S.—just be - fore the shin - ing shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

Varina.

C. M. D. GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 155. I Heard the Voice of Jesus.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

H. BONAR.

No. 156. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

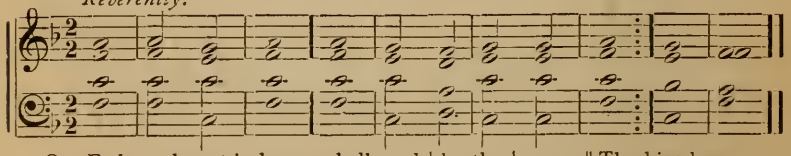
3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 157. The Lord's Prayer.

(May be recited or sung)

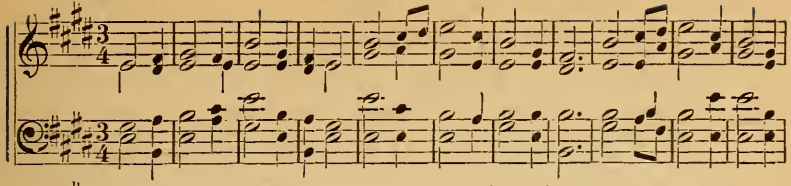
Reverently.

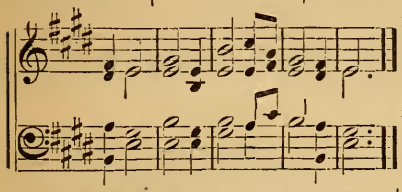


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in|earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

No. 158. God is Love.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Tune, BARTIMEUS. 8s, 7,





1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

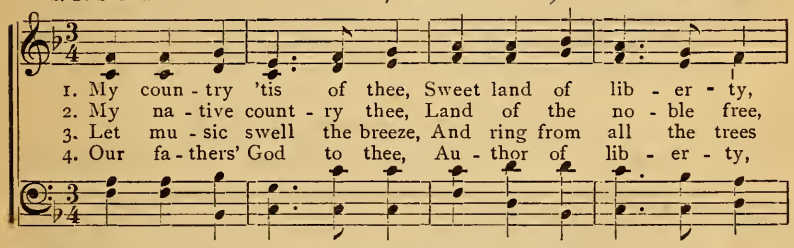
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

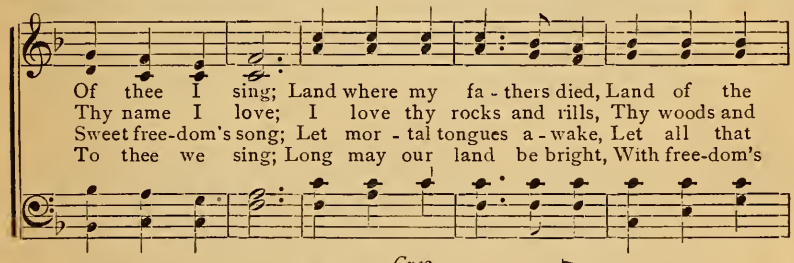
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his mercy streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

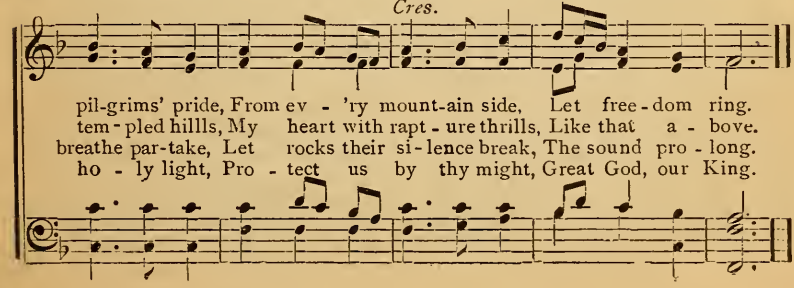
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Ev'rywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

No. 159. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. Tune, AMERICA. HENRY CAREY.







No. 160. Olive's Brow.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. L. M. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and, from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff-'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 161. Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

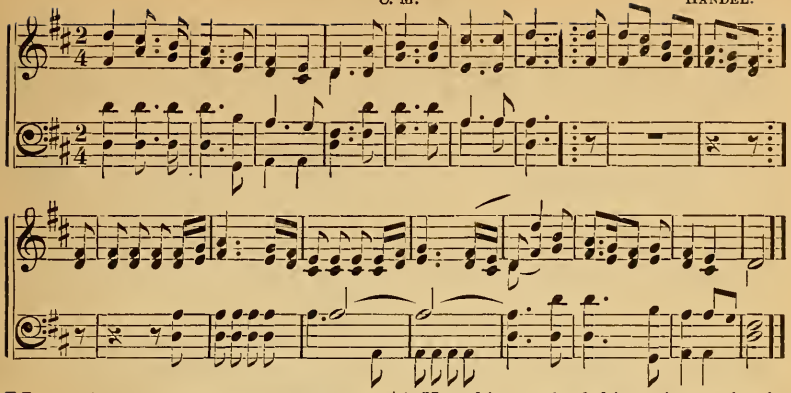
P. Doddridge. Tune, SILVER STREET. S. M. Isaac Smith.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound; Har - mo - nious to the ear;
2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re - bell - ious man;
3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n-ly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won - drous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de-serves our praise.

Antioch.

C. M. HANDEL.



No. 162. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

C. WESLEY.

No. 163. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

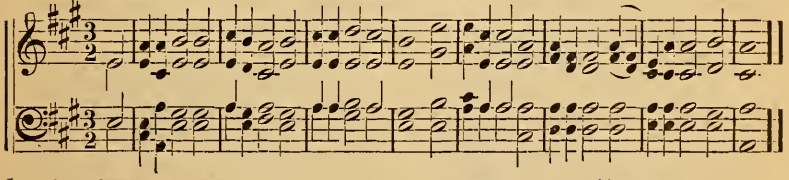
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 164. O for a Heart.

CHAS. WESLEY. Tune, AZMON, C. M. C. GLÄSER.



1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

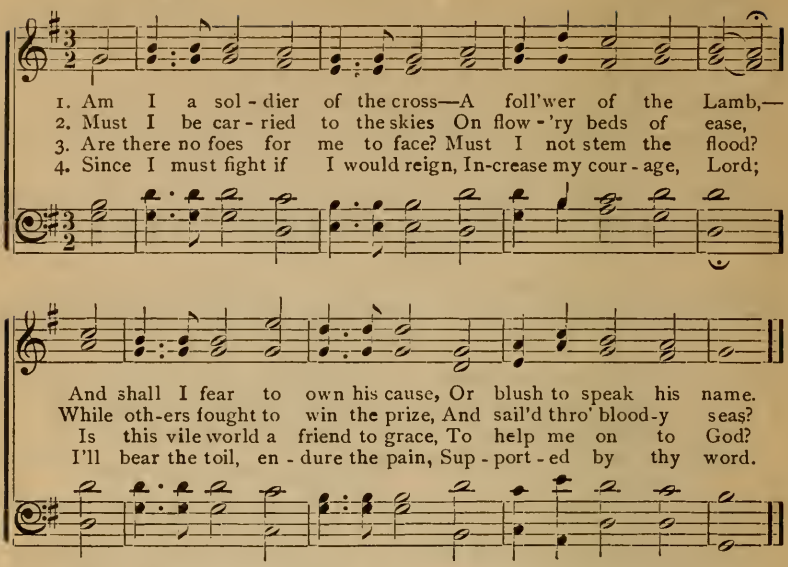
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

No. 165. Am I a Soldier?

Rev. Isaac Watts. Tune, ARLINGTON. C. M. Thos. A. Arne.



No. 166. Jesus, United by Thy Grace.

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke—
A band of love, a threefold chord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think
And sweetly speak the same.

4 To thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

C. Wesley.

No. 167. O for a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness knows no doubt;

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst.

No. 168. How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

No. 169. Jesus, the Name.

C. Wesley. Tune, CORONATION. C. M. Oliver Holden.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly;
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n;

An-gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat-ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

No. 170. Crown Him Lord of All. (*Tune above.*)

1 All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

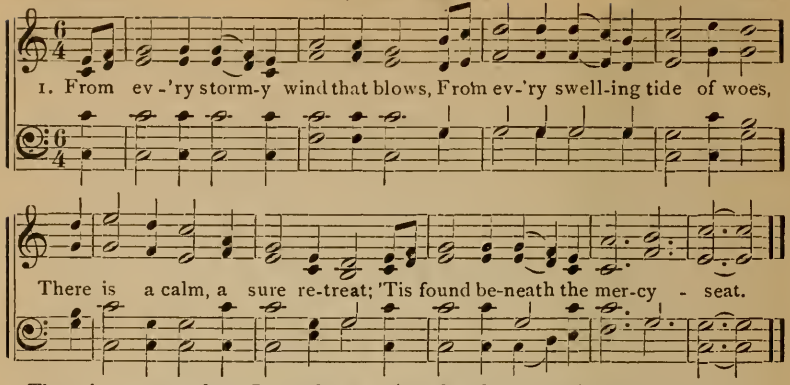
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet

No. 171. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. Tune, RETREAT. L. M. Thomas Hastings.



2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

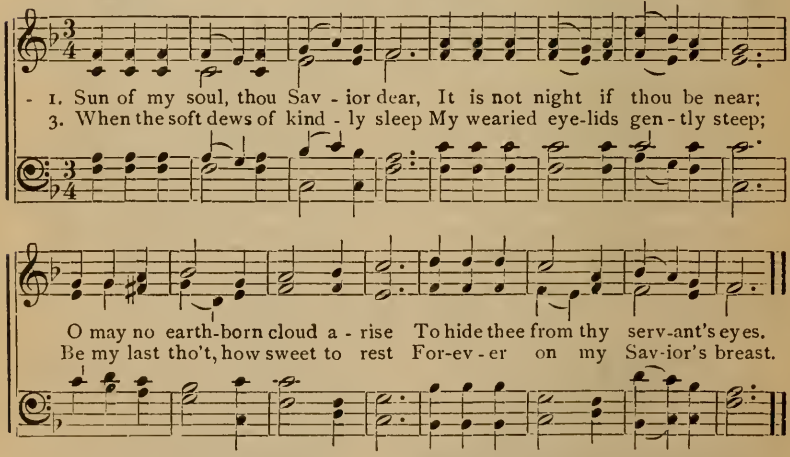
3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 172. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. Tune, HURSLEY. L. M. Peter Ritter.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

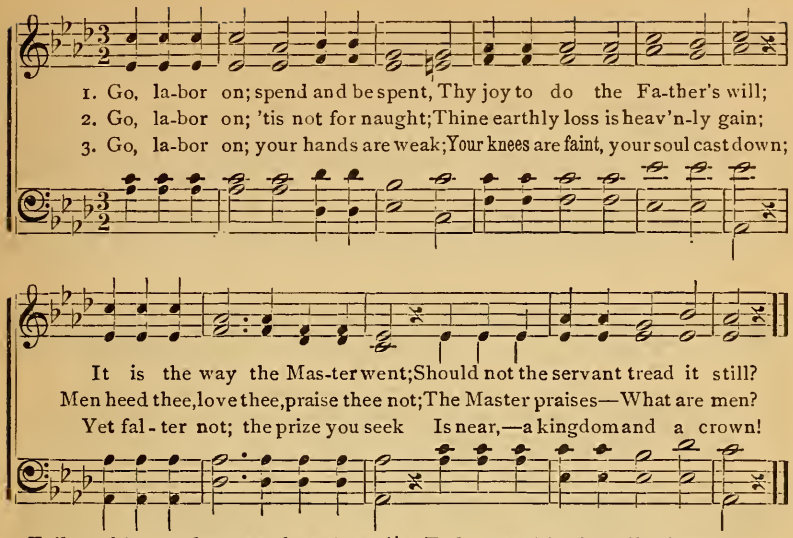
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 173. Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune, MISSIONARY HYMN. L. M. H. C. Zeuner.

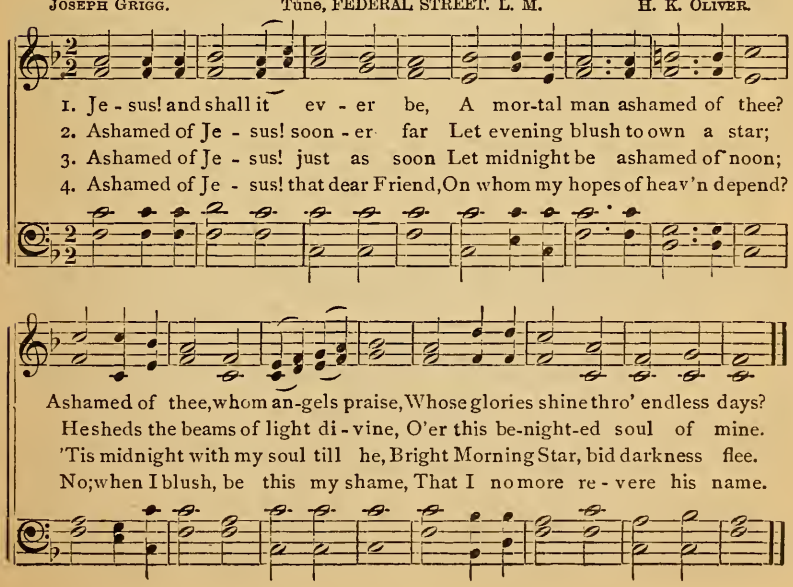


4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be with the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

No. 174. Jesus! and Shall It Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. Tune, FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver.



No. 175. Duke Street.

Rev. Isaac Watts. L. M. John Hatton.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
3. To him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless praises crown his head;
4. People and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend his word.
His name, like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly blessings on his name,

No. 176. Rockingham.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley. L. M. Lowell Mason.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
2. Take my poor heart and let it be For - ev - er closed to all but thee;
3. How blest are they who still a - bide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!

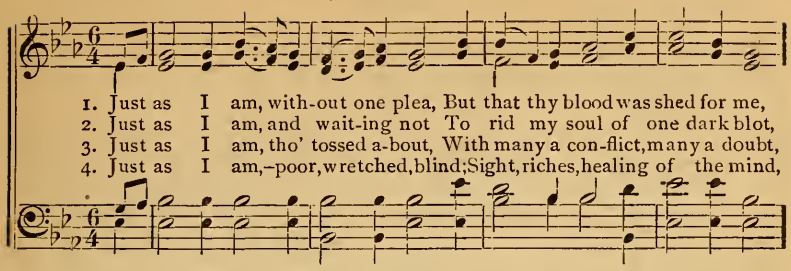
To dwell with-in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet and life or death is gain.
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there.
Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

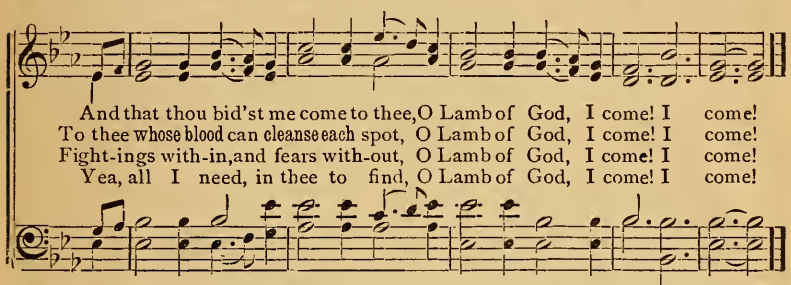
5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

No. 177. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Tune, WOODWORTH. L. M. WM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



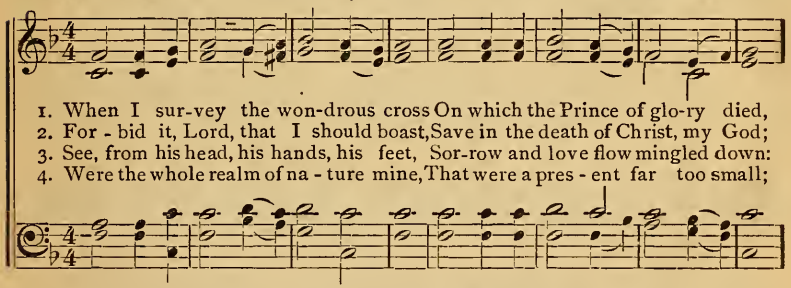
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

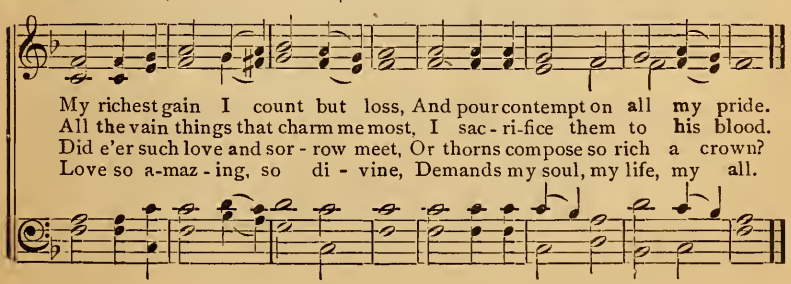
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 178. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, HAMBURG. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 179. The Lord is my Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Psalm 23. ARR. from KOSCHAT

Melody in Tenor.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

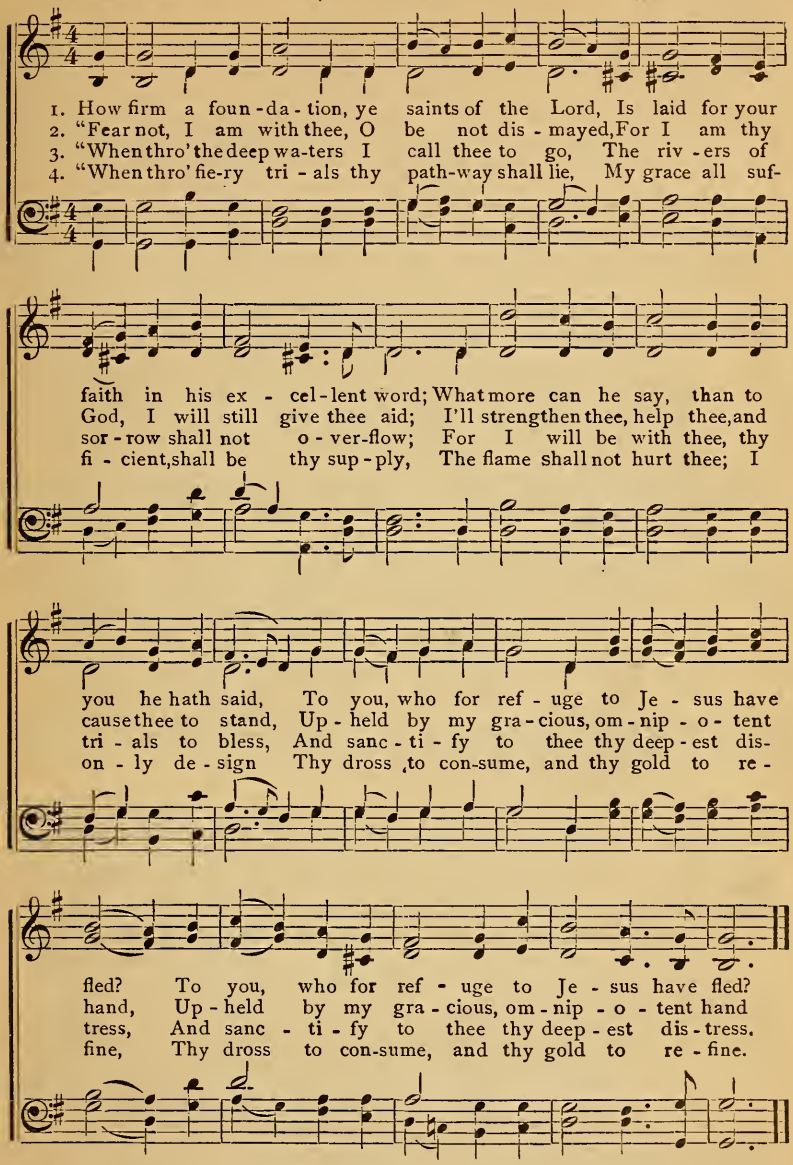
pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per - fume and oil thou an-
steps till I meet thee a - bove; I seek— by the path which my

still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op-
staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er
oint - est my head; O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ—thy king-dom of

pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ—thy king - dom of love.

No. 180. The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN. M. PORTOGALLO.

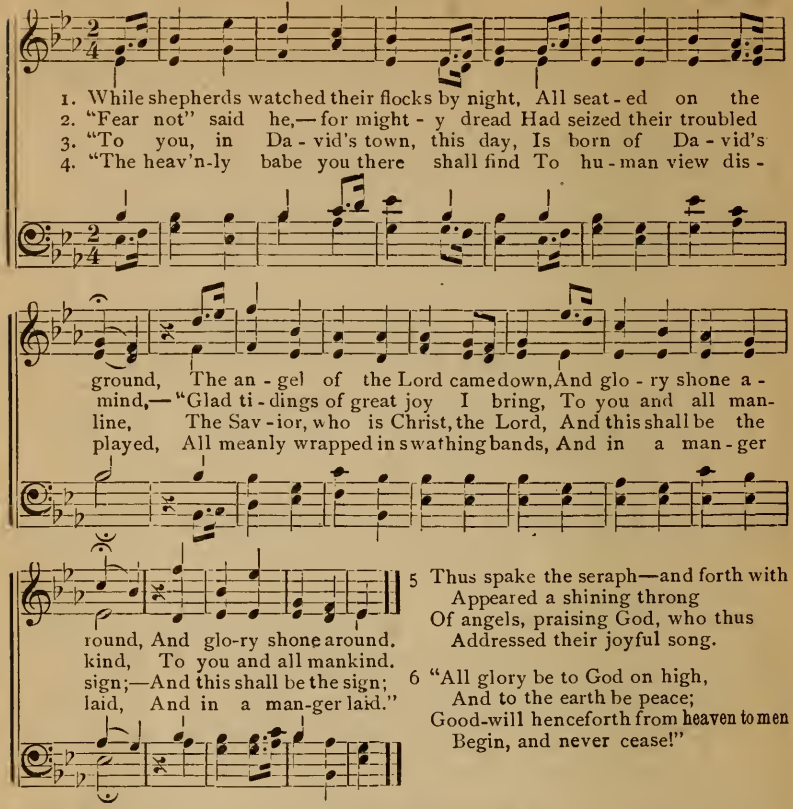


5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like Lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 181. While Shepherds Watched.

N. Tate. CHRISTMAS. C. M. G. F. Handel.

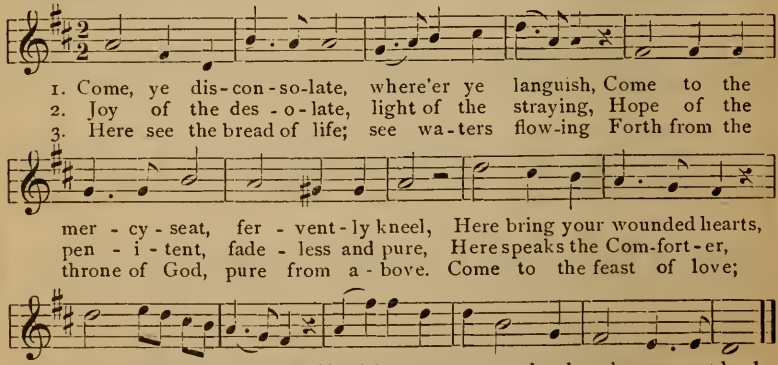


5 Thus spake the seraph—and forth with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song.

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

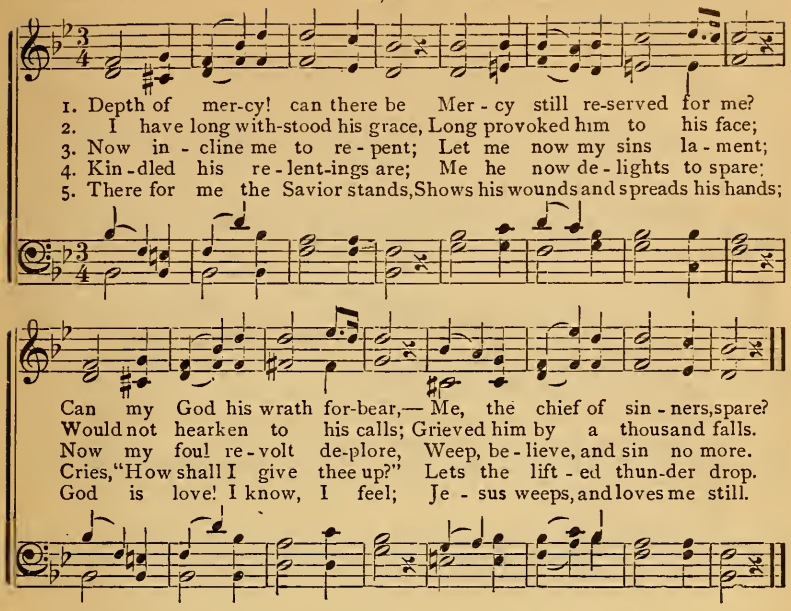
No. 182. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. Moore. Samuel Webbe.



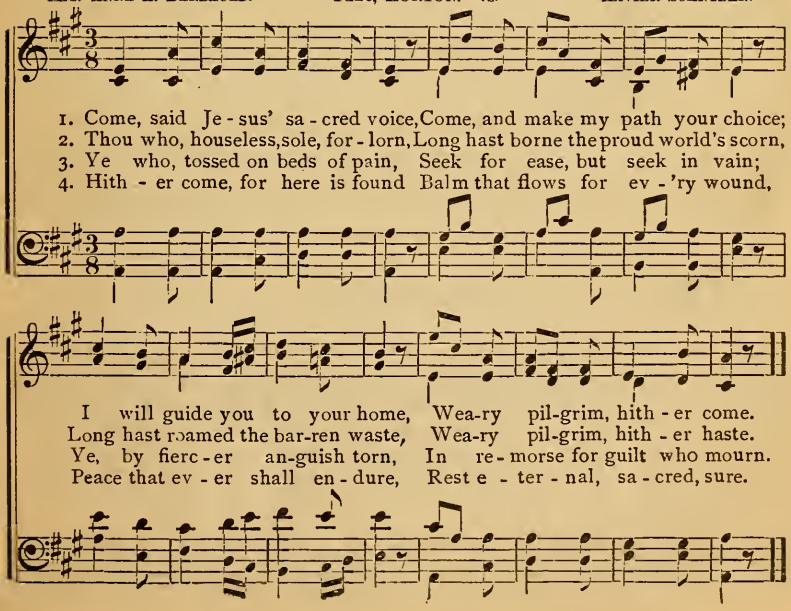
No. 183. Depth of Mercy.

C. Wesley. Tune, MERCY. 7s. L. M. Gottschalk.



No. 184. Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld. Tune, HORTON. 7s. Xavier Schnyder.



No. 185. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav-ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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No. 186. Blest be the Tie.

Rev. John Fawcett. Tune, DENNIS.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 187. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

There by his love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus first four lines.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears,
Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.

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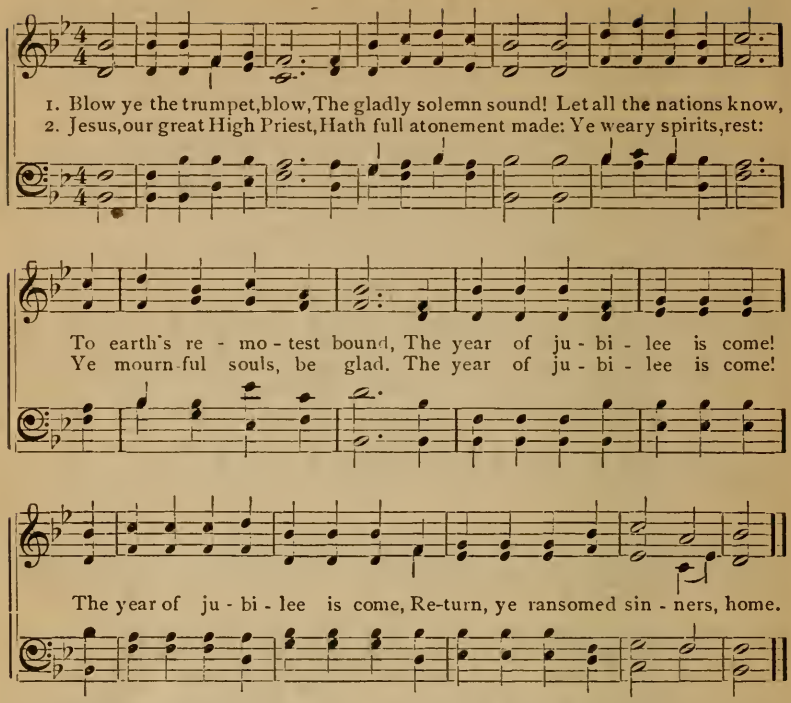
No. 188. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, LENNOX. H. M.



3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim etc.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive.
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth. appear
Before your Savior's face.

No. 189. Arise, my Soul, Arise!

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice,
In my behalf appears;
‖: Before the throne my Surety stands, :‖
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child·
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 190. Hail Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BAKEWELL. Tune, AUTUMN. 8, 7, d.

1. Hail, thou once de-spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal - va-tion bring.

D.S.—By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' thy name.

FINE.

D. S.

Hail, thou ag - o - niz-ing Sav - ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love annointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

No. 191. Glorious Things of Thee.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

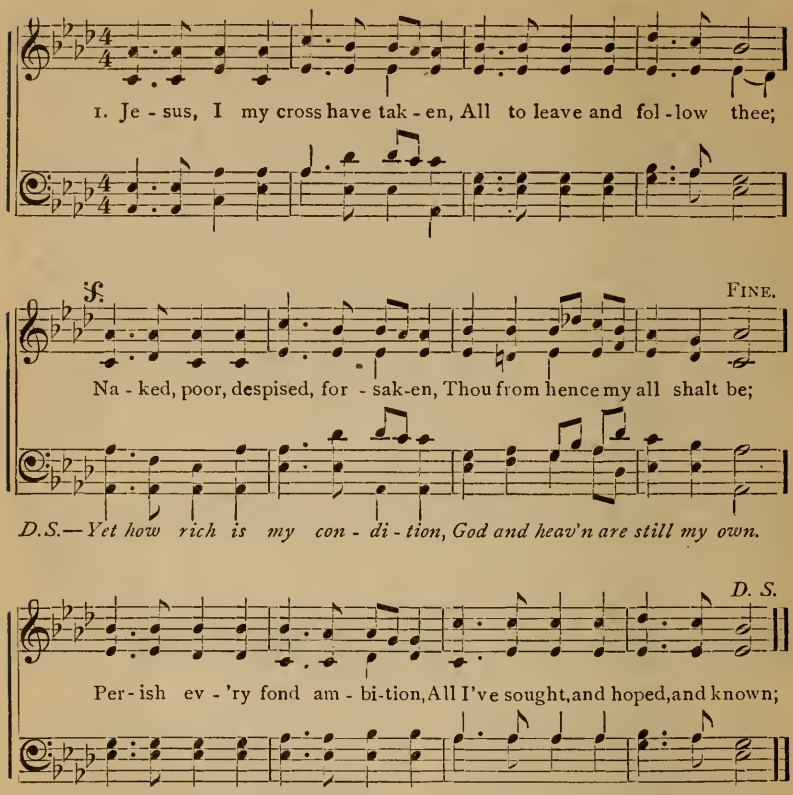
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 192. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. 8, 7. D. ARR. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Savior died to win thee,
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 193. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

D.S.–Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid-ings from a - far,

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 194. Stand Up for Jesus.

7, 6.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

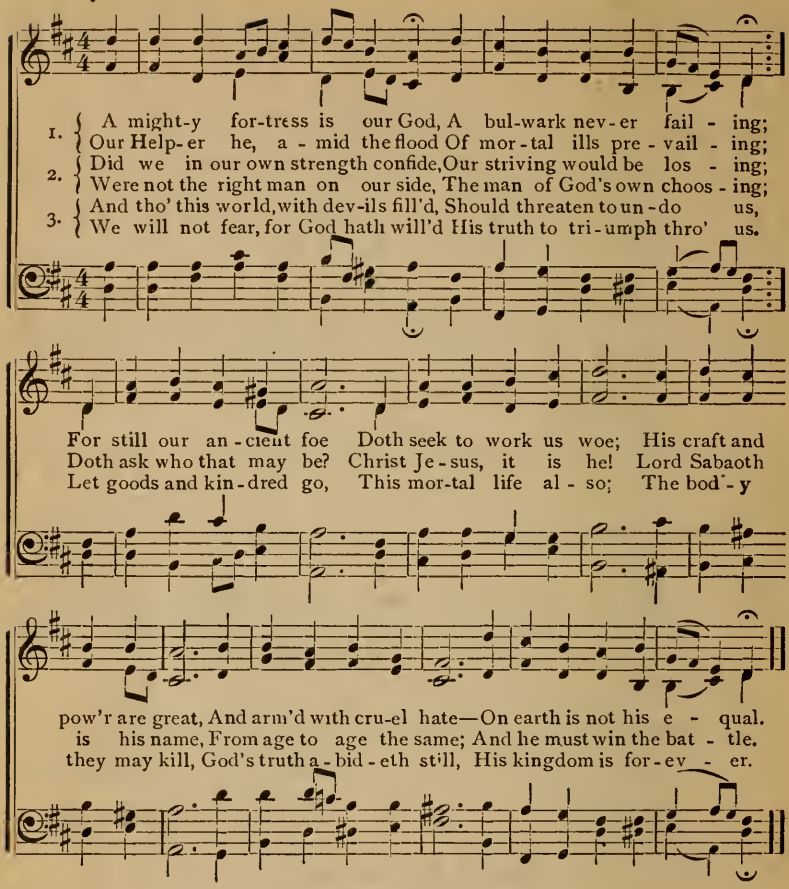
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 195. A Mighty Fortress.

MARTIN LUTHER.
Tr. by F. H. HEDGE.

MARTIN LUTHER.

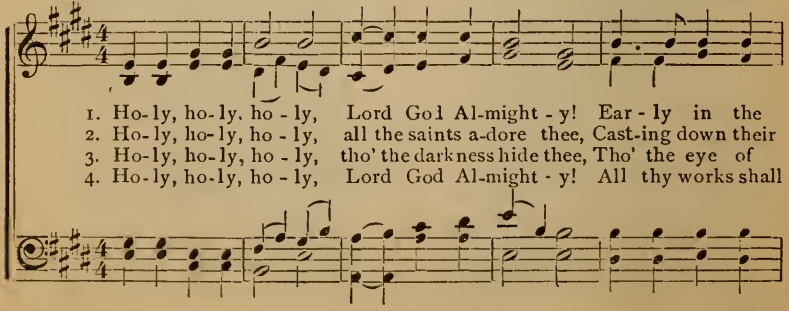


No. 196. Holy, Holy, Holy!

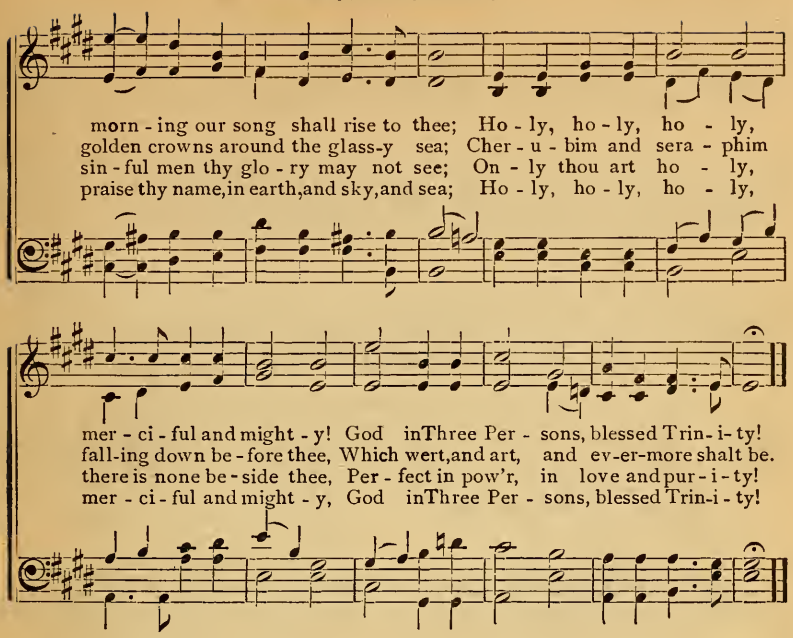
Tune, NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

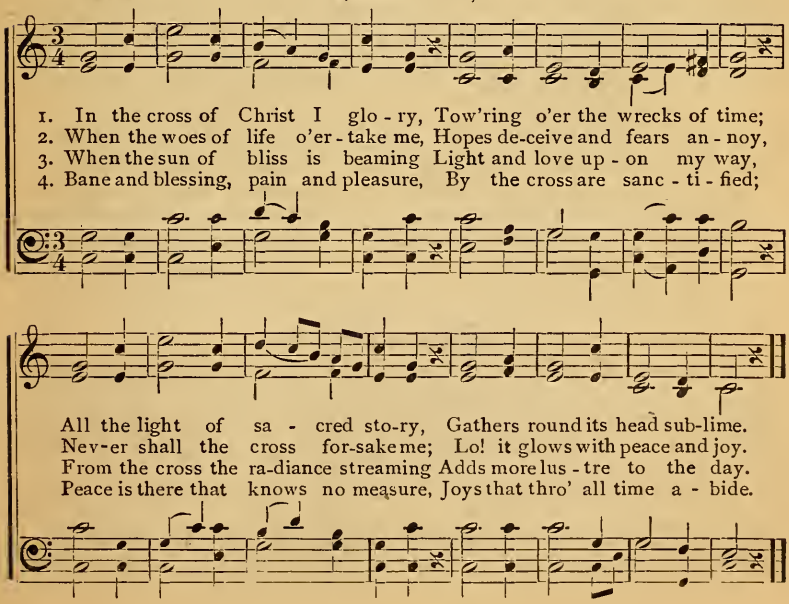


Holy, Holy, Holy!



No. 197. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. Bowring. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.



No. 198. Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, d.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling! All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

FINE.

D. S.–Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

Je-sus, thou art all com-passion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

D. S.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

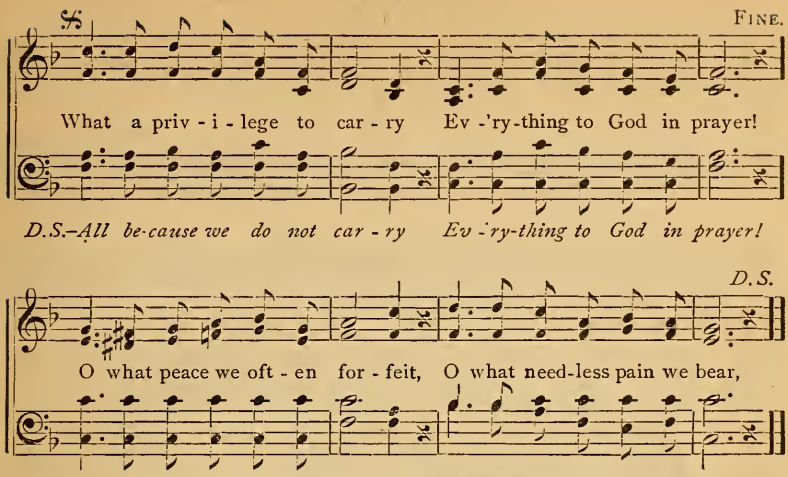
3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 199. What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a Friend.

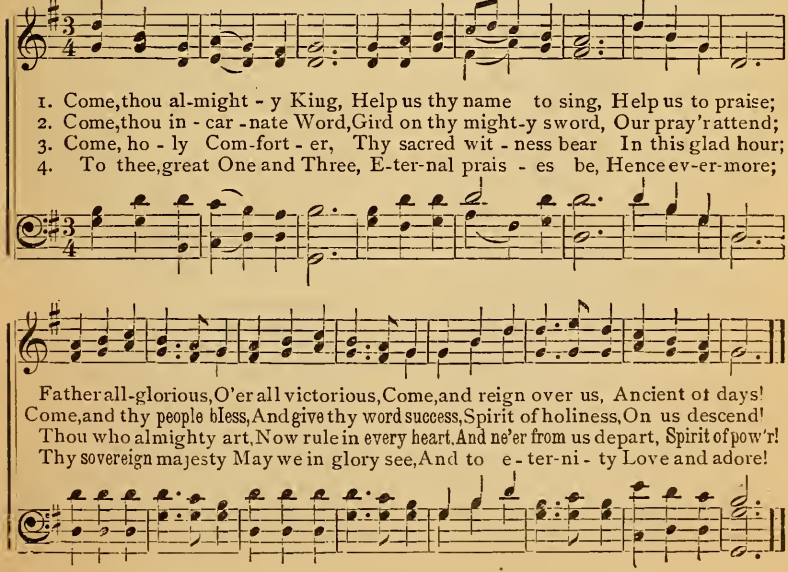


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

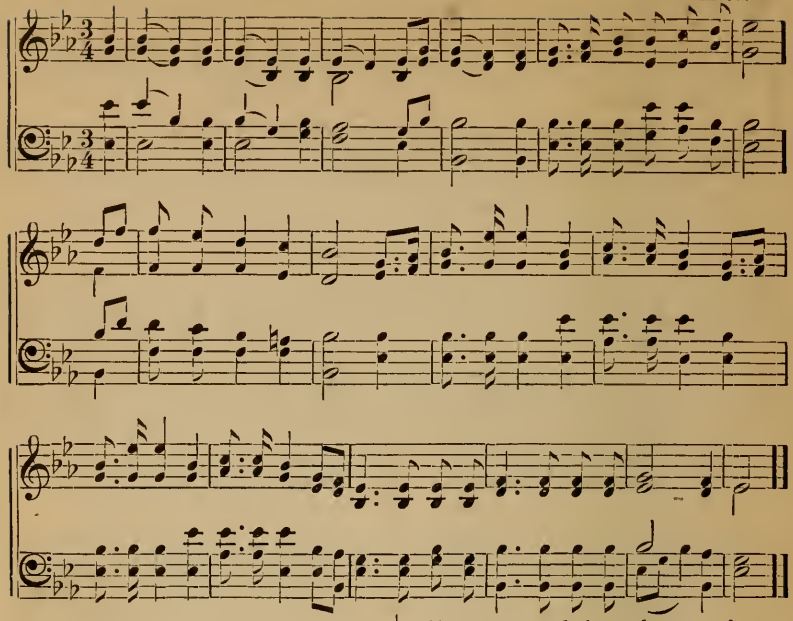
No. 200. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune, ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4. FELICE GIARDINI.



Ariel.

C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.



No. 201. O Love Divine.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

No. 202. O Could I Speak.

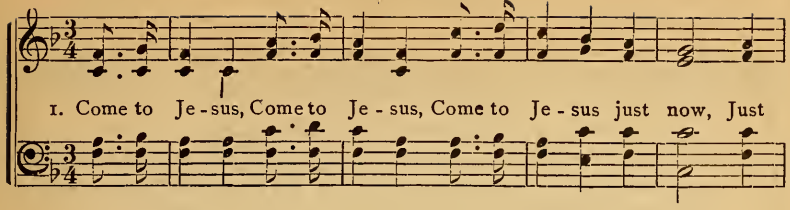
1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

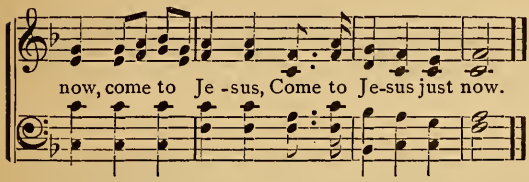
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

No. 203. Come to Jesus.

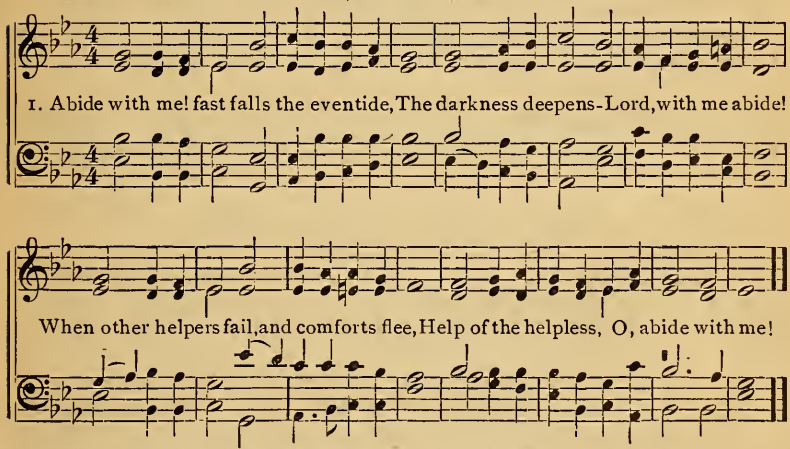




2. He will save you, etc.
3. He is able, etc.
4. He is willing, etc.
5. He is waiting, etc.
6. O believe him, etc.
7. He will bless you, etc.

No. 204. Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. Tune, EVENTIDE. 10s.



2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3. I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 205. Hendon.

7s.

WILLIAM HAMMOND. ABRAHAM HENRI CÆSAR MALAN.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with
3. In thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit

suit dis - dain, Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
how to go, Till a blessing thou be - stow, Till a blessing thou be-stow.
now im - part Full sal-va-tion to each heart, Full sal - va-tion to each heart.

No. 206. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior divine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide, Bid darkness

while I pray Take all my sins a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine.
died for me, O, may my love for thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a- side.

No. 207. I Love Thy Kingdom.

DWIGHT. Tune, ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved, With his own pre - cious blood.
2. I love thy church O God, Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be giv - en The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

No. 208. My Soul be on Thy Guard.

GEO. HEATH. Tune, LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; And hosts of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath Up to his blest a - bode.

No. 209. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor-tal flow.

Chorus.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will save (*Omit.....*) you now.

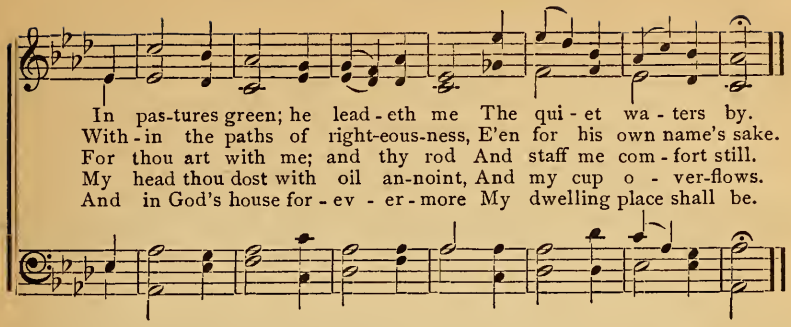
Used by permission

No. 210. The Lord's my Shepherd.

"Rous' Version," 1649. Mozart.

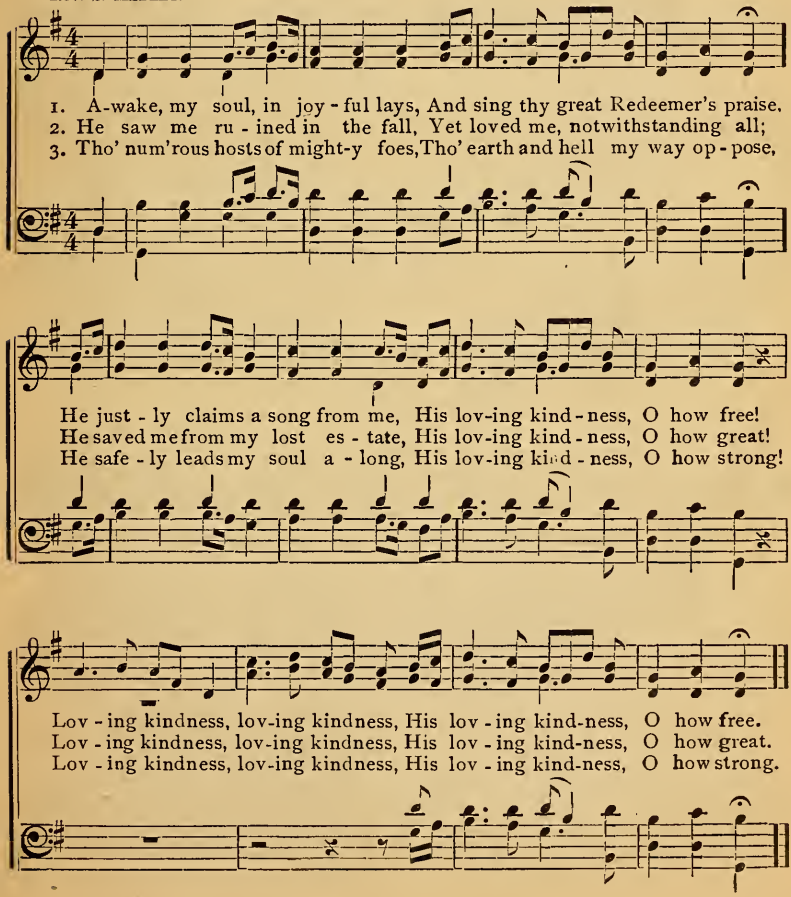
1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear no ill;
4. My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed In pre-sence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

The Lord's My Shepherd.



No. 211. Loving Kindness.

Rev. S. Medley. Anon.



No. 212. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. R. Lowry. By per.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my cleansing this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my par - don this my plea, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

Chorus.

O, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow,
No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 213. I'm Going Home.

Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Cho. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

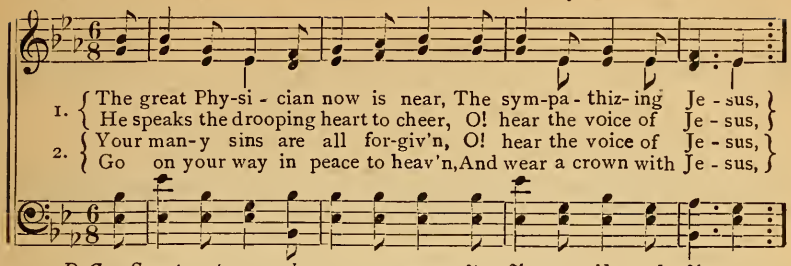
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow:
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

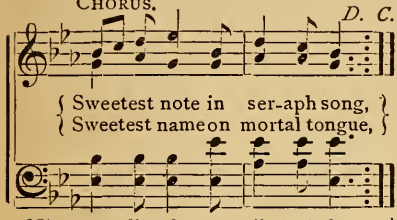
5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 214. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.



Chorus.



His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
O! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

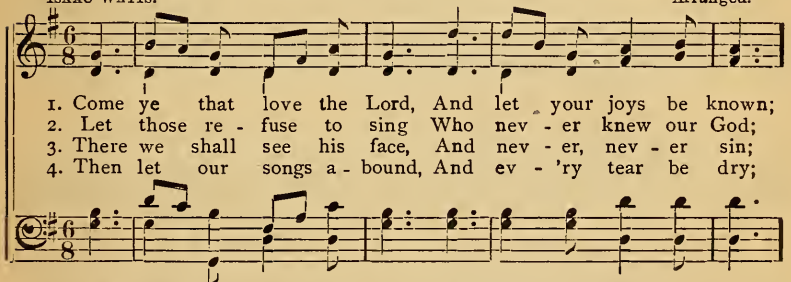
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

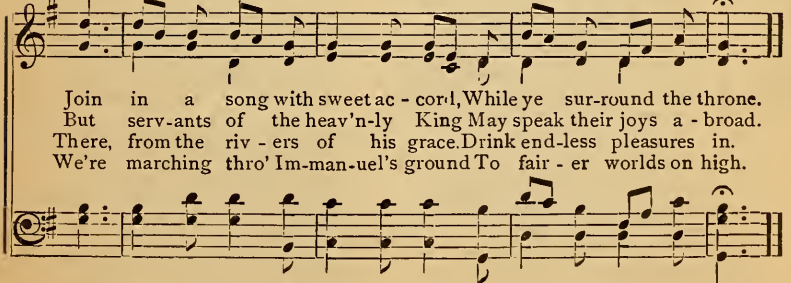
6 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.

No. 215. Come Ye That Love the Lord.

Isaac Watts. Arranged.



D. C. for Chorus.



No. 216. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }
{ There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (*Omit...*) } li - ber-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord

No. 217. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY. Tune, MARTYN. 7.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
{ While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - venguide, O receive my soul at last!

D. C.

{ Hide me, O my Savior, hide, }
{ Till the storm of life is past; }

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 218. Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. C. J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade. each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry
2. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
3. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
dawning light, Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter-ni-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je-sus is mine!

By permission.

Boylston.

S. M.

No. 219. A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Chas. Wesley.

No. 220. Can I Yet Delay?

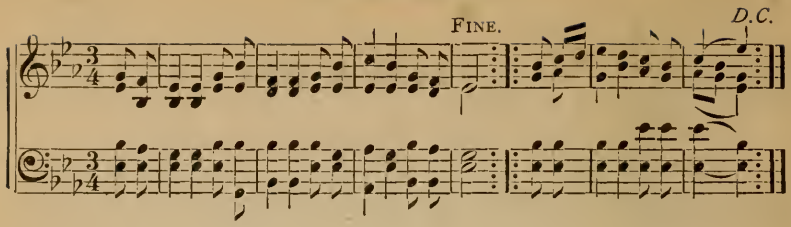
1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Chas. Wesley.

Nettleton.



No. 221. Come, Thou Fount.

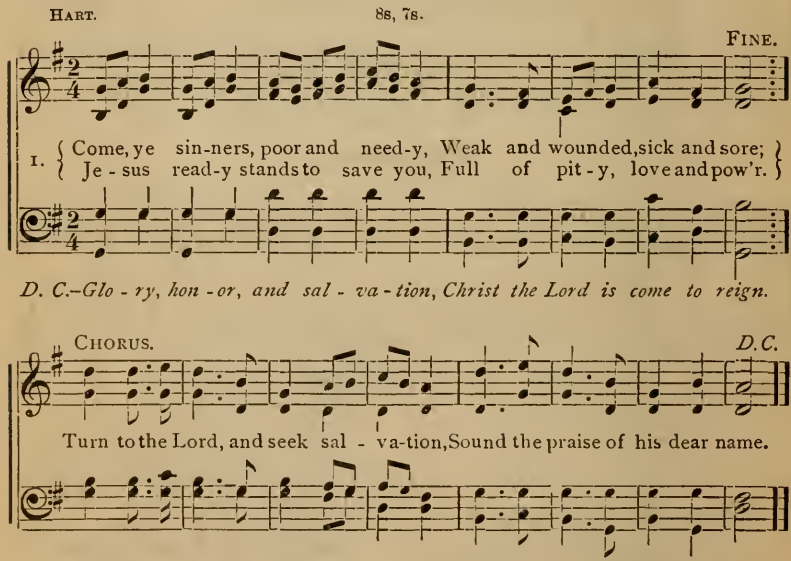
1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 222. Come, Ye Sinners.

HART. 8s, 7s.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 223. Lord, Dismiss Us.

W. Shirley. Tune, SICILY.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing. Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,

O re-fresh us! O re-fresh us! Trav'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
May thy presence, may thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we read - y, may we read - y, Rise and reign in end-less day.

No. 224. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With thy tend'rest

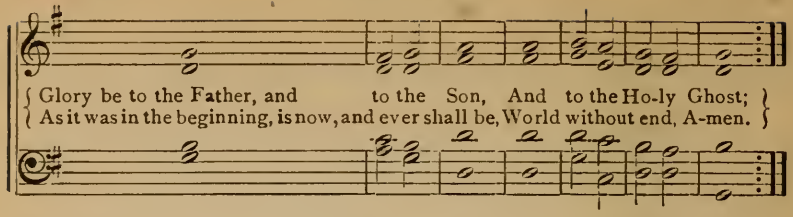
ev - 'ning Steal across the sky.
bless - ing May our eye-lids close.

ev-'ning Steal a-cross the sky.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

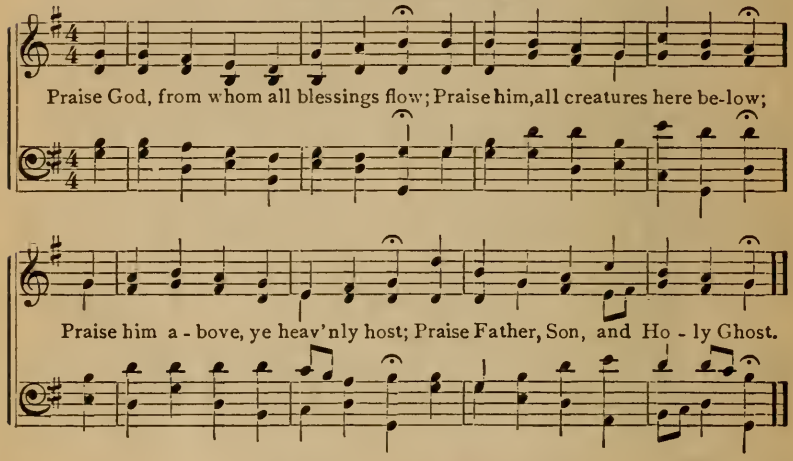
4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In thy holy eyes.

No. 225. Gloria Patri.



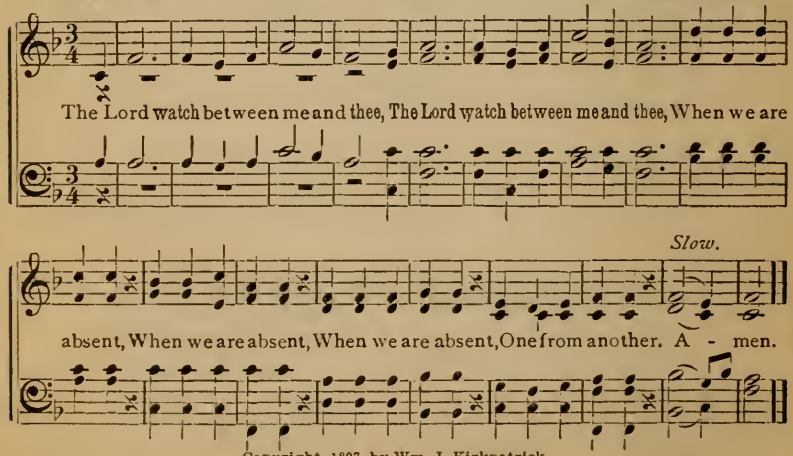
No. 226. Doxology.

Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



No. 227. The Lord Watch.

Genesis 31 : 49. (CLOSING.) Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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